The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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A REJECTED LOVER SEEKS REVENGE.

Married One Week, her Assailant Tries to Murder her on her Way Home.

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ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. P. (Kentish Town).—It will be published in next week's issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

A PROMOTER OF SPORT (Leeds).—Photo of midgets so indistinct that we are unable to use it.

HAROLD DAVIES (Liverpool).—There are several boxing clubs in London open for practise all the year round. Try Professor Newton, Barnsbury Club, 55, Barnsbury Road, London, N.

W. Q.—Within sight of Harpenden race-course.

A. REGENT.—He was disqualified in the twelfth round.

G. SICKER.—The match was declared off by mutual consent.

J. DOLTON.—1. You lose; he went on March 3. 2. No.

C. C.—Nancy Hanks covered a quarter mile in 29¼ sec.

F. PRINGLE.—Sold to a French millionaire.

C. STEED.—"Kid" Lavigne defeated Walcott twice.

R. THOMAS.—Your letter is too long for insertion.

J. HOLDEN.—"Pedlar" Palmer won in fourteen rounds.

R. V.—The ring was actually 24ft.

D. MELTON.—1. It was for a stake only, £25 a-side. 2. No purse was given.

H. CHAMBERS.—It will be found in "Ring records," price 6d.

M. LONG.—You should have received it not later than Thursday.

H. YEARLEY.—Will Curley is the tallest by a good inch.

T. ELLINS.—They did not weigh before the contest.

B. D. C.—It would be a revoke and A. can claim the trick.

S. P.—George Dixon won in six rounds.

H. B.—There was a beauty show September 19, 1888.

T. LEEVES.—The stone was laid by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on June 21, 1896.

J. H. PRESTON.—1. Duggan lost in the twelfth round. 2. No, coloured.

D. FLINT.—1. "Kid" McCoy lost when he met Ted White. 2. At the National Sporting Club.

T. MURPHY.—1. The judges disagreed, and the referee gave his decision. 2. Always in competitions, but not in contests.

E. EVANS.—If a cup or medal is given you could accept, but money should not be taken.

D. O. T.—1. Nat Langham was born at Hinckley, Leicestershire, in May, 1820. 2. Fought and beat Sayers, sixty-one rounds.

J. HARVEY.—1. He is a professional. 2. No.

W. BENTLEY.—1. A. is correct. 2. A catch bet.

F. FEAST.—It was for £50 a-side, but the amount of the purse did not transpire.

D. C.—1. Out of print. 2. We should say not.

6,075, PTE JOHN SPEIRS (Beach Rocks Convalescent Home, Sandgate, Kent).—The weights as given out were: Fitzsimmons, 12st 2lb; Jeffries, 14st 10lb.

HANDY LAD.—Law Morgan is just out of his teens.

RICHARD WEBSTER (W.C.).—The Cestus Boxing Club was held at the Lorne Arms, Lorne Road, Brixton. They have recently removed, but write to the Secretary at the above address, when it will be forwarded, and all particulars given.

S. HOPE.—1. The decision was given on points. 2. Only fifteen rounds. 3. Very likely.

(Several Answers crowded out).

BOXERS WHO CLAMOUR FOR A MATCH WITH JEM JEFFRIES.

THE LOVE OF THE NOBLE ART IN THE ANGLO-SAXON BREAST.

"PROFITS FROM PUGILISM."

THE INCOME TAX.

AMONG the many claimants for the honour of a meeting with the renowned Jem Jeffries, the one which has about it the most genuine ring is that of Fitzsimmons. Fitz is quite as clever as Jem Corbett, and, what is more, Fitz is hardier and capable of more endurance. Like Jack Dempsey in the hour of his defeat grovelled at the feet of Fitz and begged the ex-farrier for the love of Heaven to give him (Dempsey) one more chance to redeem his laurels, so did Jem Corbett in the hour of his defeat first threaten and then beseech Fitzsimmons to give him another meeting. The blow on the "mark," or, as it is now termed, the solar plexus, was declared to be an accidental one and Fitz's victory a fluke. This battle took place some three years ago, yet, in spite of all this beseeching on the part of Jem Corbett, the red-headed one prefers to take on the other Jem—Jeffries—for pref. Why is this? Simply because there is money in it. Even the small end of the purse in a contest with Jem Jeffries means more than the large end with any other boxer, and Fitz is a purse-seeker first and a pugilist afterwards. Jeffries and McCoy! Why not Jeffries and Charley Mitchell. McCoy stands about as much chance in a twenty-five rounds contest with Jem Jeffries as Charley Mitchell stood when he entered the arena with Jem Corbett. The whole secret of the game was given away by *the champion British boxer* when he took on J. L. Sullivan and ignored the *champion British pugilist* Jem Smith. Said Mitchell to us, "Even if I am defeated by Sullivan I shall gain a greater reputation and advertisement than if I defeat Jem Smith." That is the line now followed by the first flight of American boxers. A match with the popular star Jem Jeffries is the pinnacle of their ambition, for they know there is both money and advertisement in meeting the man of the hour, while very little would come out of a meeting with the Jem Smiths of the American prize ring. Pugilism, as carried out at the present day, is a profession not merely in name but in reality. A really mediocre pugilist in the hands of an astute manager like Tom O'Rourke, Bill Brady, "Parson" Davies, Harris, &c., can earn more money than any other ordinary professor working hard at law, medicine, or divinity. There is no star performer in any other profession—musical or theatrical—that can command such a house at good paying prices as Jem Jeffries, whenever Jem meets a "foeman worthy of his steel." It has ever been so, and it ever will be so. A love of pugilism is in the blood of the Anglo-Saxon race, and a real good bout of fisticuffs, whether in romance or reality, whether on the stage or in real life, always rouses the reader or the spectator to a pitch of enthusiasm which no other kind of exercise will produce. A man can be taught to excel in boxing, but boxing pure and simple is to the Briton what the water is to ducks. An Englishman—that is a true Anglo-Saxon—would no more think of using a lethal weapon to avenge an insult than he would think of bearing it. His weapon is his fist, and if he is capable he knocks his insulter down with "Nature's implements." It is this which causes the Anglo-Saxon crowd to love a mill; and did two really good men desire to meet and settle their differences in public the largest covered space in the world would be hardly large enough to hold the number of spectators desirious of being present. This was shown at the Agricultural show a decade or so ago, when only sparring by champions and not real warfare was indulged in.

What will not an individual do to obtain an order for the play, and the same also applies for a free ticket for boxing? Almost anything. Charles Dickens relates the story of a shipwrecked sailor whose sufferings were so incredible that he had just managed to survive them. On landing at Liverpool the sailor was taken in hand by the irrepressible interviewer and hurried into the sanctum of the editor. "What can I do for you, my good man?" said the chief, after the sailor had recorded for the benefit of the readers of the newspaper his story of thirst, hunger, solitude on a raft, cannibalism, and rescue. "I don't know, yer honour," said Jack, his bloodshot eyes rolling round the sanctum—and then he thought—"unless yer honor cud give me an order for the play." All the dreadful sufferings of this sailor had not driven out of this man's mind his ruling passion, "An order for the play," and the Seven Plagues of Egypt would not drive out the feverish desire of the follower of the art pugilistic to obtain a ticket or order to see a fight. When "Toff" Wall and Bill Goode met at the Pelican, after pugilistic opinion was divided for years as to which boxer was the better man, "Chesterfield" or "Toff," the late Charley Bates was refused admission to the entertainment. As Charley Bates had paid for "Toff's" colours, kept him on the best, and looked after his interests during training, Charley was determined not to be shut out. Although a man almost twenty stone in weight Bates managed to climb to the roof of the club by means of the gutter spout, and then made a most perilous and neck-breaking descent to the pugilistic arena. We could mention hundreds of fearless and foolhardy things that men have done in order to see a fight, but we have only room this week for the escapade of the late Charley Bates.

The boxing look-out in England at the present time appears to be in anything but a highly satisfactory state. We note a challenge from Ben Jordan, and we note a challenge from Ben Jordan's recent opponent, Tommy Hogan. Both profess to be burning for another encounter, but the strangest part of the business is that the prospect of the battle ends with the challenge. This pair of boxers remind us of nothing so much as the duel between Sir Richard Vaughan and the Earl of Chatham—

The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Vaughan.
Sir Richard, anxious to be at him,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

This also applies to the second meeting with Harry Ware and "Pedlar" Palmer. While Ware is rusticating in enforced idleness at Holcot, near Northamptonshire, "Pedlar" Palmer is shouting the odds on the Turf. The "Pedlar" likes to have a little flutter on his own, and if he has been backing favourites lately he won't look down upon the purse offered by the only boxing promoter, Joe Smith, for a meeting between him ("Pedlar") and Jem Williams, of Marylebone. Some time ago "Pedlar" undertook to knock little Jemmy the hammerman out in seven rounds for a *thousand*. Palmer talked in thousands when he returned from his one-round defeat by Terry McGovern (The "Pedlar" will never have such a beanfeast again). The stake, however, was a bit too large for even an East-end body of spectators, and doubts were thrown upon the genuineness of the match. Then the knocking-out process was extended to ten rounds, and finally little Jemmy and little "Pedlar" were to go for the purse on their merits. This fell through, and now Jem Williams has again come forward for the honour of a match with "Pedlar" Palmer. Jem Williams and Harry Ware are just about equal as regards strength, but the Marylebone boy possesses a bit more science. There are no more Terry McGovern certs. knocking about at the present time, so should Palmer get the knock at a very risky game he might condescend to turn his attention to either Harry Ware, of Holcot, or Jem Williams, of Marylebone.

Profits from pugilism is a good alliteration, but it is bad when the income-tax assessment people make it an item in their assessment. In the Burge v. Dobbs case "Jolly Jumbo" will no doubt be the sufferer to the extent of about £500, so where do the profits from pugilism come in? This is the last straw, and "Jolly" writes us, "I think it nearly time I gave the game up." So we think! After this assessment of "Jolly" those individuals who have advertised in large type, "*Champion boxing promoter of the world*," will have to sing uncommonly small, for if "Jolly Jumbo," who is only in a small way of business, has to pay largely to the revenue from his profits from pugilism, what will the *Champion boxing promoter of the world* be assessed at? To show this is no fable on the part of the "Jolly" one we insert the note from the Inland Revenue surveyor of taxes at Richmond:—

Inland Revenue, Surveyor of Taxes.
1, Old Palace Terrace, The Green, Richmond.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your letter of 9th inst., I beg to inform you that the assessment includes your profits from pugilism. I beg to return the notice.—Yours truly,
W. C. LETHEM.

Mr. W. Ecclestone, Horsenden Hill, Sudbury, Harrow.

To lose £500 by an endeavour to promote pugilism and then to be assessed so much income-tax from "Profits from pugilism" reads very funny, but the ways of the Commissioners are like the ways of the Heathen Chinee—peculiar. One may have a business or a newspaper which is absorbing money like a sponge in expenses, for which business or newspaper you may be assessed at an enormous sum for profit ratio, just as "Jolly Jumbo's" *Profits from Pugilism*.

CHARLEY DAVIS,

With His Whippet Bitch, Fancy Girl, Winner of a Shepherd's Bush Handicap.

(With Portrait.)

A FEW years ago, when professional pedestrianism was in its prime, Charley Davis was a prominent performer on the cinder path. Besides winning an all England 440 yards handicap, has won numerous handicaps at all distances in London and in the country, won a £25 135 yards handicap, beat J. Langton for £20, distance 880 yards, Davis conceding 15 yards start; also ran Jack Hatchman 200 yards, Hatchman 6 yards start, but was beaten after a desperate race by six inches; also has trained and attended on Walter Whale in all important races, besides training other champions at all branches of sport; latterly has turned his attention to whippet racing. He is the owner of that celebrated dog, Bandmaster, winner of three handicaps. His latest success was carrying off the first prize in the big handicap at Shepherd's Bush on Good Friday with his whippet bitch, Fancy Girl.

TRAIN ROBBERS GET 1,212,000DOLS IN BULLION.

Detectives Trying to Trace the Thieves With Their Plunder.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Chicago the Chief of Police has a million dollar express car robbery to run down. For several days every available man in his detective department and a host of private sleuths have been following clues to a gang of freight car breakers, who got 1,212,000dol. worth of gold and silver bullion out of an express car on the tracks of the Chicago Terminal Transfer Company's tracks. The booty consisted of forty-eight bars of gold bullion, each weighing one hundred pounds, and valued at 1,200,000dol. The silver bullion was worth 12,000dol. Every effort has been made to keep the details of the robbery from reaching the public. All information is refused at police headquarters. A remarkably clever and desperate gang are said to be in possession of the plunder.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

Mrs. Joe Falleck.
Bill Lampshire.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Professor H. Houldsworth.
"Dido" Plumb.
Bobby Dobbs (two).
F. Leon (two).
Tug Wilson.
Frank Kempton.
Teddy Wilson.
Billy Ross.
Harry Kennedy.
Tommy Hogan.
Alec Hurley.
Ted Wakeham.
"Greek" George.
Ernie Greaves.
Jem Holloway.
George Slark.
P. Gorman.
P. J. King.
R. H. Page.
Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer).
Billy Plimmer.
Driver Pincher.
H. Chance Newton.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
J. Corbett.
Jem Hall.
George Fox Giles.
Claude Thompson.
C. McCoy.
J. F. White (three).
William F. Mackernan (three).
Ernest Paterson.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, June 9, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

FORMER champion Bob Fitzsimmons has been compelled to call his match with Gus Ruhlin off owing to the fact that his left hand, which he injured in his recent encounter with Ed. Dunkhorst, the "Human Freight Car," is in a very bad way. The match originally was to have taken place at Tuckahoe, N.Y, on June 1, but the hand caused Fitzsimmons to ask for a postponement until June 15. Up to Thursday Fitz was confident that the hand would not prevent him from tackling Ruhlin, but the wound caused him such pain that, acting under the advice of his wife, he went to Bellevue Hospital yesterday morning, and saw his friend, Dr. Sullivan. The latter was busy, and turned the noted fighter over to Dr. Edgerton, who found the member was swollen to an alarming size. The first knuckle was festered, and a lot of pus had accumulated. The doctor drew the matter out, and bandaged the hand. When Fitz asked whether the doctor thought he would be able to use it by June 15, Dr. Edgerton shook his head and said: "Not from the present looks of things. You better be careful, Mr. Fitzsimmons, for if you do not give your hand the best of care you may not be able to use it again." Fitz tried to convince the physician that he was all right, but the doctor would not hear of it. "If I don't meet Ruhlin on June 15," said Fitz, "I will have to forfeit $1,000." "That's the best thing to do," returned the doctor. Fitz will see Dr. Edgerton again. The news that the struggle between Fitz and Ruhlin was off created a good deal of talk among the sports last night. Fitz came in for much sympathy, as his luck of late had not been of the best. Ruhlin may meet Sharkey on June 25 at Coney Island. There was some talk on this subject yesterday. After the "Akron Giant" signed to tackle Fitz his manager, Billy Madden, also clinched a twenty-five rounds struggle with Sharkey. This "go" was to have been decided after both Sharkey and Ruhlin had got through with their respective opponents, McCoy and Fitzsimmons. Now that these mills have been abandoned Sharkey and Ruhlin will have no further obstacle in coming together. Ruhlin has been training for many months, and he fears that to continue may cause him to get stale. He would be willing, no doubt, to have the fight settled at an earlier date than June 25. Sharkey, who has been training very hard, is in fine shape, and may meet Ruhlin earlier. Fitzsimmons was interviewed last night at Bergen Beach. He said: "It is true that I have called my fight with Ruhlin off. I will forfeit $1,000 to him, and I am very sorry that I cannot fight him. I will be compelled to carry my hand in splints for six weeks. The least bit of injury to it, my physician says, will retard its complete recovery and I am not going to hamper it in any way. I may be able to meet Jeffries next August, but the way things look it is very doubtful. I will not allow myself to get out of condition. I will keep on running every day just to keep my muscles limber." Last night Martin Julian, one of the promoters of the Westchester A.C., in company with Billy Madden, manager of Ruhlin, went down to Bergen Beach and called upon Fitzsimmons to ascertain whether it was really true that the match was off. Fitz admitted that such was the case, and agreed to forfeit $1,000. Of this $500 will go to Ruhlin, and the other $500 will go to the club. Julian examined Fitz's hand, and was convinced that the injury had not been exaggerated. He told Fitz that he was sorry for him. Before he left he asked Madden whether Ruhlin would consent to fight Jim Jeffries on the same date. Madden responded that Ruhlin was open to meet anyone in the business. Julian telegraphed to the champion, and expects an answer from him to-day. It is not likely that Jeffries will accept unless he has time in which to train. A hoodoo seems to have pursued Bob Fitzsimmons of late with a vengeance, and the friends of the noted pugilist are wondering how it will end. The ex-champion was compelled to call off his bout with Gus Ruhlin, which would have netted him a tidy sum, owing to the fact that his hand was injured. Now the Cornishman has received another hard blow, his embryo menagerie being depleted by death and accident. Fitz had always been a fond admirer of animals, such as lions, tigers, and vicious dogs. When he moved to Bergen Beach, and took a cottage near the water front, his household outside of his own family included a Shetland pony, a large pheasant, Nero, the lion, Phil, the bulldog with a pugnacious temperament, and other quadruped pets. The animals were tame, and soon learned to obey the mandates of their master. Fitz wrestled with them in training as if it was really part of his labours. About a week ago a great dane, frothing at the mouth, pounced upon Phil, the bulldog, who was snugly ensconced on the piazza of the cottage. The latter fought back, and after a long tussle Phil, for the first time in his career, got worsted. He was bitten so badly that he died from the effects of the wounds yesterday morning. Three days ago the pheasant died from natural causes, and not from poison as suspected. On the same date Nero strayed away, and no trace of him was found until yesterday morning, when his dead body was discovered under the scenic railway crushed to a pulp. The lion, when a cub, cost Fitz about $2,000. This was about one year ago. To add more misery to his cup of unhappiness is the fact that the loss of the pets and injury to her husband's hand has upset Mrs. Fitzsimmons's nerves, and she is quite ill. Fitz says he is of the opinion that he must have been born under a comet, for the loss of the championship just one year ago to-day, the injury to his hand, and other accidents are proof that he is unlucky. Apropos of the howl put up by Tommy Ryan anent referee Hogan's decision in favour of "Kid" McCoy in the battle of this twain at Chicago, the "Kid" said to me: "Why, I had to make all kinds of concessions to Ryan to get him to fight me at all. He wanted everything his own way. He wanted 50 per cent. of the gate, win, lose, or draw. I wouldn't concede to this. It is true the articles of agreement called for a draw if both of us were on our feet at the end of the six rounds. He said nothing of this to the referee. Neither did I. He was looking for a decision if he bested me on points. So was I. The club very naturally didn't care to hang up a $6,000 guarantee for a six rounds boxing match, knowing full well, as everyone must know, that the public would not give up its good money to see two men spar an exhibition bout. That's certain isn't it?" I agreed. "Now, let me tell you something," continued the "Kid." "While we were fighting Ryan said to me repeatedly in the clinches: 'What's the matter with you? Don't hit like that. Go easy. Don't be a chump. There's big money for us in New York for another match. You're out for the money, aren't you?' I usually answered all this by a smash on his jaw. Then again he would make bluff rushes, all smothered up so as to appear to be fighting hard, while he would ask me to let up on him. And now he makes all this squeal. I've whipped him twice. Now I've done with him." "Kid" McCoy announced yesterday that his battle with Tom Sharkey, which was to have been decided at Coney Island, on June 25, has been postponed indefinitely. He admits that the fight was deferred at his own request as his health just now is not all he desires, and that to keep on training would probably cause an undermining of his constitution. McCoy is now planning to take a good rest, and unless he recovers his strength he will not do any fighting for months to come. The "Kid" visited the racetrack yesterday. Upon his return he said: "The impression which prevails that I am afraid of Sharkey is all wrong. I sincerely think I can beat him, or else I would not have signed articles of agreement. But to go into a ring with a man who is both strong and shifty when I think I cannot get into shape would be foolhardy. I have been doing a lot of work of late. I have met Ryan, Creedon, Bonner, and several other men, and I guess a brief vacation won't do me any harm. I may take a trip to Europe this summer. I shall do plenty of fighting this fall, but what I am looking out for is to see that my health is not in any way sacrificed." The fighting at the Hercules A.C., of Brooklyn, was very much on the rough "house" order, in which Isadore Strauss, of Philadelphia, and Tom Broderick, of Yonkers, were scheduled to last twenty-five rounds at 140 pounds. There were $260 in the house, and the club managers offered to give it all to the fighters, splitting up the expenses of the night among the owners of the club. Strauss, however, refused to go on. Finally $20 more was subscribed, and $150 cash to Strauss and $130 to Broderick, the fight proceeded. The first round was very fast, both men fighting hard. Strauss backheeled and threw Broderick, and several of the spectators tried to enter the ring and hit Strauss. The fight went nearly to the end of the seventh round, in which the Philadelphian had Broderick nearly out. He fouled the Yonkers man so openly, however, that the spectators howled until the police entered the ring, and the decision was awarded to Broderick. Champion Jim Jeffries, who is now in the West, gave out a statement recently concerning his battle with Corbett. "Before my manager, Billy Brady, sailed for Europe," said Jeffries, "I had a talk about the matter, and we agreed not to say anything about it. Corbett wouldn't fight me at Coney Island until Brady consented to give him half the purse money. He demanded half of 60 per cent. almost at the ringside, and refused to go into the circle unless he got it. Brady wanted the fight to go ahead. The crowd was there, and everybody was clamouring for us to go on. In fact, I was ready. In order not to disappoint a big crowd and so as to get a handsome sum, anyway, Brady made the concession without my knowledge. This was what caused the long delay that night. If I had known it I don't think I would have fought him. I tell you it was a short skate trick." Jeffries further says that if he agrees to fight Corbett again the victor must take all the spoils. He declares that he will insist on this clause or else there will be no match. At the conclusion of the fight between Eddie Connolly and Matty Matthews at Coney Island, on Tuesday night, the latter's manager, John P. Dunn, approached referee Madden, and said: "Now see what you've done to me. People asked me if you were on the square, and I always told them yes. But you've thrown me down after I was instrumental in getting you into this club." Madden paid little attention to this nonsense for the reason that Connolly had won so impressively that a decision against him would have been called a robbery, and would have seriously injured the Coney Island Club. Madden could have made no other ruling. He is fair and honest beyond the question of a doubt. Dunn was probably carried away by sentiment, but his break was uncalled for. The finest fight ever seen at the Greenwood Athletic Club, in Brooklyn, took place between Eddie Lenny, of Philadelphia, and Billy Barrett, of New York. The men fought at 122lbs., and went the full distance of twenty rounds. The first four rounds were in Barrett's favour. Then Lenny took a brace and captured the next four. After the eighth round the honours were even. Toward the end Lenny tired and was cautioned by referee Dougherty several times for fouling. Barrett's forcing at the finish earned him the big end of the money. Following were the occupations of some of the well-known pugilists before they knew of their fistic prowess—Champion Jim Jeffries, boilermaker; Tom Sharkey, sailor; Bob Fitzsimmons, horseshoer; Jim Corbett, bank clerk; Gus Ruhlin, baggageman; Frank Erne, portrait painter; Jack O'Brien opened oysters in a Bowery saloon; Jimmy Barry, metal polisher; Eddie Santry, metal polisher; Jack Moffatt, horseshoer; George Kerwin, Harry Forbes, worked in a piano factory; Benny Yanger, worked in a tin-can factory; Jack Root, box-maker; Joe Hedmark, pipefitter. In a twenty-five rounds bout at 138lb between Jack Daly, of Wilmington, and "Kid" McPartland, of New York, before the Union Athletic Club, Waterbury, the former got the decision on points. Daly outfought his man from start to finish, and in the final round McPartland was decidedly groggy when the gong sounded. George Siddons, of Hartford, and Tommy Moran, of New York, went a twelve rounds preliminary at 130lb, which was stopped in the final round to save Siddons from a knock-out. Dick Howell, of Bridgeport, was referee. Joe Walcott, who was threatened with a long siege of illness, has resumed training. He is still weak, but expects to be all right within the next few days. Walcott is not to meet Joe Choynski in Chicago after all. Yesterday his manager, Tom O'Rourke, received word that the Californian heavyweight refuses to tackle Walcott again. No reason is given, but the impression prevails that Choynski is afraid. Walcott's matches with Billy Stift and Tommy West are still on. They will take place within a month's time. There was plenty of fighting at the Sampson A.C., of Brooklyn, last night. Austin Rice, of New London, and Andy Daly, of Boston, in the star bout, fought hard and fast for twenty rounds at 118 pounds. Referee Eckhardt declared it a draw. Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, knocked out Harry Forbes after 1 minute and 30 seconds of fast fighting at the Star Theatre last night. The knock-out blow was a short right hand jolt to the pit of the stomach, delivered at a time when Forbes was having all the best of the go. In a four-round boxing bout, "Kid" Lackey, of Baltimore, met Jack McCue. The result was a draw. Jerry Marshall, coloured, of Australia, defeated Tom Carter, coloured, of Baltimore, in ten rounds. Hands Up, the wire-haired fox terrier which won all before him when brought out last February at the Westminster Kennel Club show, was shipped to England on Saturday by the Lucania. The dog will be exhibited at the Crystal Palace in October, at the Fox Terrier Club shows at Derby, Birmingham, and Liverpool, when it will be in time to sail again for New York for the Westminster event. Hands Up is by Go Bang, the wire-haired champion that cost G. M. Carnochan $2,500 two years ago, and his dam is Belle Duval, by Claude Duval, a smooth-coated dog that cost Mr. Carnochan $1,800. They are record prices in the breed. According to "Our Dogs," G. M. Carnochan has consented to judge fox terriers at the show of the English Ladies' Kennel Association. He will sail from New York on June 10, and be abroad for a month. He was most anxious to take over his crack puppie, Cairnsmuir Growler, but the English quarantine regulations barred the way. These regulations are very strict, and it is on account of them that Hands Up cannot be shown until October. He is to be handled in England by George Welch, Castle Donnington, near Derby. Hands Up will be kept muzzled and isolated for three months in the strictest quarantine, and he will be inspected every fortnight by a representative of the Board of Agriculture. Mr. F. Sweeney, holder of the world's record for the running high-jump, has forwarded to Director Spalding his entry for the professional games to be held in conjunction with the Paris Exposition. Sweeney will take part in the running, high and long jumps, July 1 and 5. Mike Sweeney is the greatest running high jumper in the world. He won the American championship in 1892, 1893, 1894, and 1895, and holds the world's high jumping record of 6 ft. 5¼in., made at Manhattan Field, September 1, 1891. Besides the entry of Sweeney, Director Spalding has received the entry of Prof. O. B. Schoenfield, the Physical Director of the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans, who will compete in the fencing competitions, running high jump, and weight throwing, which are open to the professional athletes. James A. Ten Eyck, of Worcester, champion sculler of New England, and father of Edward H. Ten Eyck, the amateur champion, has accepted the challenge to Jake Gaudaur, the world's champion sculler, issued a few days since by Ned Hanlan, ex-champion sculler of the world, and will row him three miles for a suitable purse. J. W. Glenister, of Providence, champion long distance swimmer of America, and J. B. La Salla, of Sydney, Australia, champion of Australia, have signed articles here for a fifteen mile race for the championship of the world, Saturday, July 14. The course will be from Providence to Rocky Point. The men have a side bet of 500dols.

THE TATTLER.

A POLISH WOMAN'S GAME FIGHT.

She Beat Off a Gaunt, Hungry Wolf.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TWO women, the wife and sister of a farmer named Piastus, who as Polish peasants cultivated a few acres of ground outside Cracow, met with an alarming incident which is not altogether uncommon in Poland, where the rigorous winter had driven the wolves close to the villages in search of food. The baby's cries had evidently attracted a gaunt hungry beast, but the mother returned in time to save her offspring, and while the sister held the babe the mother, by a well-aimed blow with a club, disabled the beast by nearly breaking its back. The screams of the women brought Piastus from his work, and one shot from his gun soon settled the matter.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny.
Mrs. Martin Freeman.
Ned O'Donnell (Dublin).
Pat Killen (Dublin).
Mr. Evans (Birmingham).
Jack O'Donnell ("Young Sharkey," Boston, U.S.A.).
Arthur Rusconi.
George Stanley.
Harry Day (canine fancier).
J. W. Jarvis (The Queen's Head).
Steve Morgan (The Henry VIII.'s Head).
Archie Wright.
Bill Long.
Harry McDermott.
Sam Craig (brother to Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler").
James Carmichael (Glasgow).
Terry Nevins (Dublin).
J. McManus (Dublin).
Jem Burns (Belfast).
C. K. Alcott (New York).
J. Larkall (New York).
Esther Phillips (variety artiste, New York).
Chris. Lane (Manchester).
Louis Brown (Manchester).
J. H. Grigg (Bristol).
S. Thomas (Leeds).
M. Fleishman (Vienna).

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"STARLIGHT,"
Of Australia, Recently Defeated in Twenty Rounds by Fred Preston at Melbourne.

CHARLEY DAVIS,
With his Whippet Bitch, "Fancy Girl," Winner of a Shepherd's Bush Handicap.

TRAIN ROBBERS GET 1,212,000 DOLLARS IN BULLION.
Detectives Trying to Trace the Thieves with their Plunder.

J. Grace. Sam Brown. Dr. Ordway. Mr. A. F. Bettinson. Mr. Gavin.
Tommy Hogan. Sam Fitzpatrick. Jem Ryan.

A GROUP OF BOXING CELEBRITIES AT THE DERBY ARMS, EAST SHEEN.

DIVIDED HER TIME BETWEEN THE TWO GENTLEMEN.

When John was Otherwise Employed Alfred was on Duty

THE "JUBILEE PLUNGER." HIS REAPPEARANCE.

ABOUT TEN YEARS OR MORE AGO (How time progresses!), it was in the Jubilee year, when this youth shone meteor-like upon the Turf, and succeeded in squandering a quarter of a million of money in two years. Even now the "boys" who congregate at the "Cri" and the "Pic" find their mouths watering when they remember the good times they had when the "Jubilee Jay," as Benzon was termed, was "throwing it about." Every day comments appeared in the papers about Benzon something like the following:—

The "Jubilee Jay" and some boys from the "Cri"
Had a sitting at cards, and the playing was high,
The "Jubilee Jay" was in Tattersall's ring,
And some "boys" from the "Pic" made a very fine thing.

So rich was the field of mugs in those days that the mugfinders became sybarites. No "boy" worthy of the name would eat a rump steak off anything less than a silver grid and over a cinder fire; no coal or coke fire, however clear, received their patronage. (Since the decrease in the article from mugdom they have considered themselves extremely fortunate if they could secure the steak and the frying-pan in their turn and cook it over the taproom fire. But this by the way.) Benzon was such an infatuated mug that he actually tried to make capital out of his folly by publishing a book entitled "How I Spent a Quarter of a Million of Money in Two Years." The "Jubilee Jay" had one redeeming quality—he loved horses devotedly. Once at Sandown we saw this simple-minded young man throw his arms round the neck of Kilwarlin (a horse of which he was part proprietor) and hug the animal as affectionately as a fond lover would his mistress. Such is the revolution of Fortune's wheel on the Turf that the very name of Benzon and his vagaries had long been forgotten when he made his appearance at Copenhagen early this year, and having made himself extremely popular with a number of people staying at the same hotel, borrowed various sums from his new-found acquaintances, and presently left them all lamenting. After the hurried departure of the entertaining Benzon there was ample leisure in which to compare notes. It was found that he owed many small sums, including an item of £21 for his hotel bill. Perhaps the saddest man in Copenhagen was the one who, in a burst of friendly feeling, lent Benzon his valuable fur-lined overcoat. Subsequent enquiries go to prove that prior to his appearance in Copenhagen Benzon had "worked" Hamburg, Antwerp, and Brussels on the same system. At Hamburg his insane craving for other men's overcoats led him to appropriate a garment of that kind some few days before he left the city for good. The "Jubilee Jay" at the present time has a sum invested on his behalf (which he cannot touch) which brings him in about £1 per day (including Sundays). At one time Benzon resided over a hosier's shop in New Bond Street, and his hosiery bill came almost to the above amount. Benzon never wore a shirt more than once, and as he put two or three of the best on each day one can imagine what sort of a bill this, with other articles of hosiery, would amount to. About ten years ago Benzon "fell," as the "boys" would say, in France, and although he was allowed to see his friends and have his food in from the outer world, the "Jubilee Jay" had to take his exercise within bounds.

When the Jubilee Jay was lumbered up in a foreign gaol about the beginning of the year 1890, many persons came forward to testify to the "Jug's" generosity. Said one gentleman: "I transacted a little business for Benzon, and when I refused to accept money he (Benzon) made me a present of a black pearl pin valued at £600." So much for the "Jug's" generosity, now for his vanity. Some time ago this "Poor Blind Boy" paid £8,000 for a picture solely because his "mug" was in it. When this picture was sold it realised a "pony," otherwise £25.

The tales that then were told
How poor Benny spent his gold,
Before his then unpleasant situation,
Show that someone had the fat
From this double-dyed young flat,
Coves who brought him to his foreign tribulation.

To give eight thousand quid
To a picture-dealing Yid
Is in keeping with the folly of Benzony;
As *green* as grass he's quite,
But his hair turned nearly *white*
When he had to sell this picture for a "pony."

It is not ev'ry day
Such a flat comes a sharp's way,
And when he went to *stir* it *stirred* them greatly;
The "boys" were all agreed
He deserved a friendly lead,
But they could not find his whereabouts till lately.

They say the pigeon plucked
When he finds that he is "chucked,"
Will in his turn become a small bit crooky,
And if what we hear is true,
Benny's out upon the "Do,"
And as cheeky as a ready-money bookey.

THE WINNER OF THE ROYAL Hunt Cup as a Pigeon Shot.—Wishard, an American, purchased Royal Flush, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, for 400gs, and he trains him for Mr. J. A. Drake, a wealthy compatriot with a penchant for pigeon-shooting. Some time ago Mr. Drake shot a match for a "pony" aside with Mr. Bird at Hurlingham, losing it easily, but in May he succeeded in winning a cup there.

DEATH OF THE THREE CHAMPION English Bulldogs.—Three of the best-known prize bulldogs in England — the champions Battledora and Baron Sedgemere, and their kennel mate, Hiarta—have been found dead in their boxes at King's Cross. They were being sent by their owner, Mr. F. W. Taylor, of South Shields, to the Essex County Show. Baron Sedgemere and Battledora were recently purchased from Mr. Woodiwiss's famous kennel for £600, and Hiarta had cost £200. Mr. Taylor valued the three at over £1,000.

BEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE IN the World.—A. C. Kraenzlein, captain of this year's Pennsylvania University and track team, and who will represent the University in the English championships at Stamford Bridge on July 7, and in the Olympian games at Paris, is undoubtedly the best all-round track athlete in the world. Mr. Kraenzlein entered the University in the fall of 1897. He had previously, at his home in Milwaukee, made something of a record in inter-scholastic sport, having won there as a boy the 100 yards dash in 10 2-5sec, 120 yards hurdle in 17 2-5sec, 220 yards hurdle in 27 1-5sec, the high jump 5ft 6in, and the 12lb shot 38ft 10in, and also won in the winter of 1897 the A.A.U. indoor championship, and the 300 yards low hurdle, 36 3-5sec. After entering Pennsylvania, under Trainer Murphy's coaching, he developed rapidly. In the Pennsylvania fall games of 1897 he won the 100 yards dash, 120 yards hurdle, 220 yards hurdle, and the running broad jump. Since he has been at the University of Pennsylvania Kraenzlein has won the following events:—In 1898: At the A.A.U. indoor championships, New York, 220 yards hurdle race, in 25sec. Indoor games at Washington, 50 yards high hurdle, 6sec (indoor world's record). Fall Games of the New York Athletic Club.—120 Yards Hurdle, 15 4-5sec; 220 Yards Hurdle, 24 3-5sec; Running Broad Jump, 23ft 9½in. Intercollegiates.—120 Yards Hurdle, 15 3-5sec (intercollegiate record); 220 Yards Hurdle, 23 3-5sec (intercollegiate and world's record). At Chicago 120 Yards Hurdle, 15 1-5sec (world's record); 220 Yards Hurdle. Canadian Championships.—Montreal, 120 Yards Hurdle, Running High Jump, 5ft 8in. In 1899.—Handicap Meet, Princeton.—120 Yards Hurdle, 220 Yards Hurdle, 23 1-5sec. Pennsylvania Relay Races.—Broad Jump, 24ft 3½in. Intercollegiate A.A.A.U., New York.—120 Yards Hurdle, 220 Yards Hurdle, Running Broad Jump, 24ft 4½in (then the world's record). A.A.U. Championships, Boston, Mass.—120 Yards Hurdle, 220 Yards Hurdle, Running High Jump, 6ft 0½in; 120 Yards Hurdle. Handicap Games at Brooklyn.—Running High Jump, 6ft 0½in; 120 Yards Hurdle. N.Y.A.C. Spring Games, New York.—120 Yards Hurdles on Turf, 15 3-5sec (world's record). Canadian Championships, Toronto.—120 Yards Hurdle, 100 Yards dash, running broad jump. Kraenzlein now holds the following records, all of which (save broad jump) are to-day both the American and world's records:—120 Yards High Hurdle (10 flights), 15 1-5sec; 220 Yards Low Hurdle (10 flights), 23 3-5sec; 300 Yards Low Hurdle, indoor (10 flights), 36 3-5sec; 50 Yards High Hurdle, indoor (4 flights), 6sec; 120 Yards High Hurdle, on turf (10 flights), 15 3-5sec; Running Broad Jump, 24ft 4½in. No single athlete has ever at one time held so many records, and while it would seem almost impossible that these figures could be excelled, his condition and promise would indicate that if the climate and conditions abroad do not affect him, both England at the championships and the athletic world at the Olympian games at Paris will see performances by him that will clearly demonstrate that America has been able to produce the greatest all-round athlete yet known.

AMERLEY BICYCLE CLUB.—This club held the fifth of its series of weekly open handicaps at the Crystal Palace last Thursday evening. The distance was a quarter of a mile, the result being as follows: A. Vesinoles, Kent Wheelers 35 yards start, 1; E. Montgomery, North Surrey C.C., 45, 2; E. Bland, Putney A.C., 35, 3. Won by a wheel; a length between the next two. Time, 30 4-5sec.

FRENCH BETS AT ASCOT.—"Fashoda thou art avenged" was expected to have been the cry at Ascot on Thursday, when the winning of the French horse was looked upon as an absolute "cert." Lucky Mrs. Langtry, however, upset the "pot" with her old slave Merman, who won by two lengths, and about £60,000 of French money has been transferred to British pockets by the victory of Merman and the defeat of Perth II. in the race for the Gold Cup.

SWIMMING.—150 YARDS MID-lands Championship.—The spacious bath at Burslem was crowded last Thursday evening to witness the struggle for the 150 Yards Midland Championship. Derbyshire (Manchester), Lane (Blackpool), Wildgoose (Hyde), and Call (Hunslet) were the entrants. The latter got away finely, and led for nearly half the distance, but was then overhauled by Derbyshire and Lane. The two latter were abreast until twenty yards from home, but Derbyshire finished strongly, and won by a yard, Call being a good third. Time, 1min 40sec, which is 11-5sec outside the winner's own record.

SOUTH LONDON HARRIERS.—These Southern Counties' cross-country ex-champions held an interesting meeting at Herne Hill last Thursday evening. A. S. Maples retained his right to the Mile Challenge Cup after a grand race with the Surrey ex-champions, E. S. Ward and J. H. Bessell. Bessell eventually finished second only a yard behind Maples, who was three yards to the good at the finish in 4min 41 3-5sec. T. E. Knights, with 200 yards start, won the two miles walking handicap by 40 yards from E. Knott (scratch), the London to Brighton walking record-holder, in 15min 40sec; E. R. Gillespie, 350 yards start, was third. P. S. Lewin, 15 yards start, won the 300 yards handicap by half a yard from G. W. B. King, 19 yards start, in 32 4-5sec; and a half-mile handicap resulted thus: P. B. Dodd, 33 yards start, 1; G. H. Hogsflesh, 23 yards, 2; E. S. Ward, scratch, 3. Won by three yards, a yard between second and third. Time, 2min 3 2-5sec.

FUNERAL OF AN EMINENT PATRON of Swimming.—At Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, on Thursday, the mortal remains of the late Harry Ulph were laid to rest in the family grave. The deceased was brought from Yarmouth in the morning, and was accompanied by several relatives and friends, the wreaths which covered the coffin being the tributes of affection from those most dear to him in life, the request that flowers should be dispensed with being complied with by the large circle of his friends. The funeral service was read in the presence of a sorrowing party, representing the family and his oldest associaties. The coffin bore the following inscription: "Henry William Ulph; died June 10, 1900; aged 67 years." Amongst those at the graveside were Messrs. Gladstone Sidney Ulph, H. Ulph, William Henry Ulph, Samuel Boughton, Clifford Boughton, Charles Boughton, H. Chamberlain, Jas Chappell, John W. Nightingale, E. J. Hart, Samuel and Cliff Bowman, Charles and Clifford Badden, R. J. Price, M.P., H. Defrece, Frank Robinson, Stoughton, F. G. Marshall, Chas. Marshall, H. Marshall, and G. Crisp.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL SPORTS.—The students of St. George's Hospital held their annual athletic meeting at Stamford Bridge on Thursday last. L. D. Bailey won the 100yd race by a foot from T. St. C. Smith in 11 3-5sec, and also proved successful in the high jump and hurdle race. The half-mile handicap fell to F. E. Roberts, who had 35yd start; G. E. Orme, 12yd start, proved successful in the 220yd handicap; F. B. Shuttle won the mile handicap with 15yd start; and P. G. Lock the 440yd handicap with 30yd start. T. St. C. Smith was first in the half-mile steeplechase from scratch; and putting the weight fell to D. Pennington, 29ft 10in. The 300yd strangers' race was won by S. Searle (L.A.C.) from the 18yd mark.

AMERICAN ATHLETES COMING.—Captain Cregan and a team of athletes from Princeton University sailed for England in the St. Louis from New York on Wednesday, June 13. The team, which includes several well-known runners and jumpers, will compete in the English championship athletic sports at Stamford Bridge on July 7, and afterwards take part in the athletic contests at the Paris Exhibition.

AT AN EVENING MEETING OF THE Putney Athletic Club at the Velodrome, Putney, last Thursday night, W. Lotinga, the veteran runner, won both the 220yd and half-mile flat handicaps.

BLACKHEATH HARRIERS.—THE Blackheath Harriers held their annual sports at Catford. J. McLean and H. W. Pyrke repeated their 1899 victories in the 100 yards and half mile respectively, but H. F. Pash lost the half mile cup after a fine finish with C. D. Rees. The honorary secretary, E. Ratcliff, scored a well-deserved victory in the first race for the mile trophy. The three open events obtained excellent entries. S. Smithson (Thurrock F.C.), 8½ yards start, was first in the 100 yards handicap; A. R. Lunney (Ravensbourne A.C.) won the 300 yards handicap from the 28 yards mark; and A. E. Godsall (Kent A.C.), with 135 yards start, proved successful in the mile handicap.

A GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CARNIVAL.—It is not often that man—perfidious monster, man—is invited to view the evolutions of a crowd of sweet young maidens dressed in the most fetching of gymnastic costumes. It was our lot, however, to be so honoured recently. A big crowd of friends and spectators assembled in the large school-room (infants) at the Board School, Richard Street, Islington. The fine physique of the girls was most apparent, but more especially how well Miss Franklin, the gymnastic instructress, had taken them in hand. Miss Franklin herself was a study in bright scarlet, which, when mixing with the girl gymnasts in their navy blue or red contrasted greatly. The leaders of the various gymnastic exercises, eight in number, were distinguished by their red pointed collars. All the girls showed grand training and they worked with a will and altogether. The high jump was a splendid exhibition for girls, the applause being deafening. In the club race the girls took sides, one side being Irish. The various movements were gracefully performed as follows: Part I.—Figure marching and steps, parallel bars, Indian clubs, club solo, by Miss Franklin, and vaulting horse. Part II.—Dumb-bells, circular skipping, parallel bars (advanced), jumping, and club race. All the skilful performances of the students were followed with keen interest and rewarded with much cordial applause. The chair was occupied by Mr. B. T. Thursbee, who during the evening presented the medals won at the annual competition as follows:—Senior competition, Miss A. Symes; junior, Miss H. Symes. The gathering was highly successful from every point of view.

FAMOUS ATHLETES WHO ARE Famous Scholars.—Amongst the successful candidates in the Special Examination in Theology for the Ordinary B.A. Degree, published at Cambridge recently, are the following well-known athletes, &c.: H. W. Workman, Pembroke, president of the C.U.A.C., who has twice won the Three-mile against Oxford; W. G. Hardie, the Emmanuel sprinter and Rugby footballer; H. A. Powell, Trinity, who on several occasions has figured in the Light Blue Association trial matches, and has also competed in the swimming races against the Oxonians; W. Colby, Pembroke, the Yorkshire Rugby forward, who gained his International cap last season; F. H. Jones, Emmanuel, the 'Varsity three-quarter back; and K. L. Gould, a prominent Pembroke oarsman.

CYCLING RECORDS BEATEN.—AT the Crystal Palace last Tuesday week A. A. Chase beat all British records from two miles to ten miles inclusive. The full distance was ridden in 16min 29¾-5sec., as against R. Palmer's previous fastest of 17min 16 1-5sec.; and Chase's half distance in 8min 12 1-5sec, was nearly 19sec. inside the previous British record.

DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRALIAN Champion.—At the West of Scotland Harriers' sports last Tuesday week, Stanley Rowley, the Australian champion sprinter, won the first heat of the open 100 yards easily from scratch on a sodden grass track, in 10 1-5sec.; and also won his heat in the second round in 10sec exactly. He lost the final, however, by half-a-yard to J. Wood, of Kelburne, with 6½ yards start. R. W. Wadsley, the English sprint and quarter-mile champion, won his heat, but broke down in the second round; and T. G. C. Sandford, the American, with one yard start, was beaten in his heat.

AN ATHLETE FROM INDIA.—SEV-eral fine performances were accomplished at the evening meeting of the London Athletic Club at the Stamford Bridge Grounds on Wednesday. Norman G. Pritchard, the Indian champion, scored his first victory in England, winning the quarter-mile hurdles challenge cup race in 61 1-5sec. Had he extended himself he would have got very close to Godfrey Shaw's record of 60sec for the event. C. G. Davison, the famous Light Blue quarter-miler, competed, but was last away, and eventually finished fourth. C. H. Jupp ran finely in the 100 yards handicap, winning the final from scratch in 10sec dead. Pritchard competed, and after winning his heat from scratch in 10 2-5sec, finished third in the final. Eastmead won the two miles bicycle challenge cup race in 5min 31 2-5sec, the previous best for the event being 5min 51¼ sec, accomplished on an ordinary by E. M. Mayes in 1888. E. J. Wilkins won the 1,000 yards handicap in 2min 22 4-5sec from the 20yd mark, and R. H. Watson was returned as the winner of the seven miles walking challenge cup.

ANOTHER RECORD TO PLATT-Betts.—At the Bath Cycling Club Tournament J. Platt-Betts created a new one mile grass record, covering the distance in 2min 15sec. The previous best was J. E. Harter's 2min 18sec at Watford.

PEDESTRIANISM. — FINE PER-formance by N. C. Pritchard.—Norman C. Pritchard, the amateur champion sprinter and hurdler of India, accomplished a fine performance at Newport (Mon.) on Saturday. Although placed 19yd behind scratch in the 120yd open hurdles handicap, he won that event in the splendid time of 18sec. He also won his heat in the 120yd flat race, but was beaten in the final, which went to E. R. Lundi, Cardiff, 9½yd start, in the fast time of 11 3-5sec.

WOMEN'S RUNNING MATCH AT Camberwell.—Readers of "Old and New London" will find it was no unusual thing for women to run races near the Pindar of Wakefield, Gray's Inn Road, for the most delicate article of femine attire, namely, a ladies' smock. This new smock would be exhibited on a pole flaunting in the breeze, and the ladies ran disencumbered of all unnecessary articles of attire, the winner, who usually rejoiced in some such cognomen as "Fighting Peg," "Whopping Sal," "Big Annie," &c., often putting on the garment without regard to decency, after she had won the garment, which was donned none too soon. We live now in different times, and the ladies who ran recently at Camberwell did so in their every-day attire; not for a smock but something very much more chaste. A very interesting race took place on the 16th inst. in the Wyndham Road, Camberwell, which was lined both sides with people. There were six competitors (women). The first prize being a handsome timepiece, second and third silver brooches put up by Mr. Philip Neale, proprietor of the Duke of Wellington, Wyndham Road, Camberwell. Mr. Hills was starter, and the police being en evidence—perfect order prevailed. Results: Julia Diamond raced past her opponents, and finished first, Mrs. Froome finished second, and Mrs. Nurse third; Margaret Bell slipped: others close up. All wore ordinary costumes. It was a most interesting affair.

THE "MELBOURNE ARGUS" ON Mrs. James Brown Potter.—This lady has stayed away so long from her husband, and her return promises to be so indefinite, that Mr. Brown Potter recently sued for a divorce, and, what is more, obtained it. The *Melbourne Argus* on the talent of Mrs. James Brown Potter writes:—

A stagey sticking out of arms,
A frequent faint, a feeble totter,
A voice which rather bores than charms,
A handsome gown—that's Mrs. Potter.

Though seeming less the more she's seen,
This compliment 'tis fair to pay her;
When Mrs. Potter plays Pauline,
She is, indeed, a *poor lean* player.

DOG SHOW AT CLACTON-ON-SEA.—Harry Day exhibited Tom Tittley's Avening Roswell at the above show on Wednesday, the show lasting Wednesday and Thursday. The dog, which is a deerhound, bred by Mr. Calcutt, of the Metropolitan Meat Market, was sold to Mr. Tittley, of the Three Compasses, Cow Cross, by Harry Day, and in charge of this trainer at the above show obtained first prize. Our readers will recollect that recently at the Ranelagh Show for deerhounds the dog's sister took two firsts, two specials, one third, and a fifth.

SAND CARRYING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Steve Morgan, of the Henry VIII.'s Head, laid J. W. Jarvis, of the Queen's Head, that Jem Bloomfield, a Borough Market porter, would not carry 60lb of sand from Jem Jarvis's, the Queen's Head, York Road, Battersea, to Mr. Steve Morgan's, the Henry VIII.'s Head, Union Street, Southwark Bridge Road, distance about 5 miles and a quarter. Tom Dixon and A. La Feuillade were pacemakers. Timekeeper and referee, H. James. The distance was trotted and walked in 51min. This, we consider, a record performance. The line of route was crowded with spectators. Cyclists and Mr. Jem Jarvis, with his boy in jockey suit, followed Jem Bloomfield, in order to see that the burden was fairly carried. The match was for £5 aside and a massive silver cup presented to Jem Bloomfield by the promoters, Mr. Steve Morgan and Mr. Jem Jarvis.

AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION BEATEN at Huddersfield.—Stanley Rowley, the Australian champion sprinter, competed in the Huddersfied Cricket and Athletic Club's sports on Saturday. He was at scratch in the open 120 yards handicap, but ran disappointingly. He was beaten by a yard in 12 3-5sec by W. Hanton, of the Broughton A.C. (6½ yards start), in a prelimipary heat. Rowley seems to be feeling the effects of the change of climate, and, to make matters worse, on Saturday he was suffering from a strained muscle in the left leg, the result of an impromptu spin on a bicycle on Thursday.

PETER CAHILL'S BENEFIT.—FOR many years past Peter Cahill has been associated with various kinds of sport, and he was the instigator of the Lambeth School of Arms, and on last Monday evening he was tendered a benefit at the Royal George, New Street, Kennington. Peter has had the misfortune to lose his wife, and thanks to Jack Hawkes—assisted by a powerful committee—it was indeed a record benefit. The worthy host, Charles Simmonds, did his best as regards supervising the affair. George Raper was pianist. Pat Luney, Bob Angus, George Swayne, Fred Albini, concertinist, George Delmore, besides lady friends, obliged. The following were present:—Jack Hawkes, George Lucas, Teddy Rolls, Brothers Rolls, Bill Hurley, Dick Holland, Jem Kennedy, Mike Burke, Tom Hurley, Jack Cross, J. Tuhey, Ted Cadman, Ernie Mack, Tommy Hodge, "Toffee" Jack, Harry Harding, Tommy Knight, "Shamus," Fred Harris, J. Buonirno, Jack Clarke, Frank Baldwinson, and members of the National Association of Operative Plasterers. Crackers, Harry Harding, J. Buonirno, besides others, took the chair during the evening, and £21 10s. 6d. was in the plate—a record benefit. Perfect order prevailed.

DEATH OF A CHAMPION JUMPER.—The death occurred on Saturday at Tipperary of J. M. Ryan, the celebrated high jumper. Ryan won the English championship in 1893 at Northampton, when he cleared 6ft 2½in, and again in 1895, while he won the Irish championship on several occasions. His best performance was at the Tipperary Sports on August 19, 1895, when he cleared the crossbar at 6ft 4½in, which was a world's record, but which was eclipsed a month later by M. F. Sweeney (another Irishman, by the way) at Travers Island, New York, with an effort of 6ft 5 5-8in.

MISS BESSIE LEE (THE COLOURED Patti), after a successful week at Oldham with "Humanity," returns to town for a week, after which she opens on June 25 at Grand Theatre, Walsall, on the Moss and Thornton tour.

THE LATE COLONEL NORTH'S Residence.—At the Auction Mart on Friday afternoon Messrs. G. A. Wilkinson and Son offered by auction Avery Hill, Eltham, formerly in the occupation of the late Colonel North, and built by him. It was bought in on behalf of the executors of the late Colonel North at £45,000.

AMERICAN JOCKEYS AND THEIR ways.—The American jockeys have been well nigh invincible at Ascot. Eight of them rode during the meeting, and altogether they had sixty-nine mounts in twenty-six races, filling the first, second, or third berth forty times. As will be seen from the following, they won seventeen races, were second ten times, and third on thirteen occasions, while three times did they occupy the first three places to the exclusion of our jockeys. It is said they stoop in the saddle, but like the lady in Sheridan's play, they "stoop to conquer."

"I GUESS, STRANGER, YOU'LL drink or you'll fight.—The death of Captain Page M'Carthy, of Richmond, Virginia, removes the last of the notorious American duellists of earlier days. In May, 1873, he killed Mr. John Mordecai in a duel with pistols, fought in reference to Miss Mary Triplett. McCarthy was about the last of the terrorists who frequented the drinking bars of the period, and if a stranger objected to drink with him would put his hand into the tail of his long coat in which was his shooter, with the remark, "I guess, stranger, you'll drink or you'll fight!"

DOONEY HARRIS BEGINS TO LOOK old and seedy. Very few dollars are finding their way into his pockets. They have no use for a man in New York whose usefulness is a thing of the past unless he is Irish; then they find him a political sinecure office. Perhaps everyone is not aware that it costs three hundred dollars to get appointed on the police in America, but it is a fact. They get a hundred dollars a month salary. Why, a policeman in New York is better off than an editor in London. They certainly do not go on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief, or Dooney should have taken high honours in this direction.

THE CUTE FOX.—TO CELEBRATE the anniversary of his opening the Fox hostelry, Russell Street, Mr. T. Lloyd will hold a special dinner party to-day (Wednesday) at his well-known resort. After the eatables and drinkables have been consumed a special open-air concert will be held in the grounds attached to the house. Besides the many artists belonging to the musical society, S. Van Kollem, J. Rundle, The Mascottes, Daisy Mead (the naughty girl), Brothers Ralston, F. C. Wilson, Bert Llytton, Fred Hart and Co., Jack Lear, Julia Gilbert, Ted Ansell, Grace Tyrrell, George Melvern, &c., have promised their services to make this the success of the year. A few of the chief music-hall artists (who shall, for certain reasons, be nameless) have also signified their intention to be present. We wish Mr. L. many more anniversaries.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF Teachers of Dancing.—Friday evening the British Association of Teachers of Dancing held a special light fantastic entertainment at St. James's Hall. From all parts of the United Kingdom the tutors and pupils came, to witness the style and manner of the exponents of the terpsichorean art in making the turns of this splendid hall. With a floor so slippery that only good dancers could stand upon it rendered it imperative that all should be experts who tried to follow the music from beginning to end. A new dance that is certain to be the rage next winter took our attention. It is a mixture of the schottische and barn dance, and has been given the patriotic name of Baden-Powell by the author, Mr. W. J. Blackley, of Lanark. Partners side by side, gent takes lady's left hand in his right—eight bars, steps like a barn dance, then rotary movement à la pas de quatre—eight bars. It is very easy and soon got hold of. The association has risen to the times, for it has awarded the annual blue ribbon for square dances to Mrs. Theacker, of Sheffield, for "Britannia la Tribute," a supplanter of the kitchen lancers and belated quadrilles that all will enjoy.

THE RAILWAY SMASH AT SLOUGH.—No one among the numerous crowd of sufferers by the collision on Saturday last at Slough was better known than "Little Teddy Cranfield." Always trying to beat the market as a punter, often being within an ace of accomplishing a big coup, when racing is past Teddy turns his attention to dealing in jewellery, playing all manner of games with finesse and success, and never doing anything mean if he (Teddy) could possibly avoid it, Cranfield never ringing a wrong thing into a pal.

BEN HYAMS AND THE HACKNEY Carnival.—Ben Hyams, bookie and publican, of Hackney renown, is positively excelling himself during this Hackney carnival, which takes place Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday this week. His pub., which is situated at the corner of the Amhurst Road, is covered with flowers and flags, and a large picture of Tommy Atkins parting with his wife and bairns. As this carnival is for the benefit of widows and orphans we think this picture most appropriate.

A PEDESTRIAN FRAUD.—AT THE Birmingham Police Court on Friday William Parker, a brasscaster, and his son Joseph Henry Parker, were charged with fraudulently obtaining a gold medal from the Small Heath Sports Committee by false pretences. On May 26 the father entered his son in the 440 Yards Scholars' Race, and sent to the secretary the birth certificate, which made him out to be five years and eight months old. The lad had 120yds start, and ran away with the race, covering the distance in 64sec. Suspicion was aroused, and on inquiry it transpired that John Henry Parker was eight years of age, and that the birth certificate was that of his younger brother, in whose name he had entered. It was alleged that this fraud had been perpetrated at least three times. The boy was discharged. The father was fined 60s., or in default a month's imprisonment. He was also ordered to return the prizes which he had fraudulently obtained, and he promised to do so.

RACING STABLES TRAGEDY.—AT the Berkshire Assizes William Thomas, a stable lad in the employ of Mr. Stevens, was indicted for killing and slaying Philip Leachy in the same employ. The grand jury found a true bill, but as the prosecution did not press for a conviction the stable lad was discharged.

MISS MONICA HARWOOD,

Champion Lady Cyclist and Winner of Long Distance Races.

(With Portrait.)

MISS "MONIE" HARWOOD, as she is familiarly known amongst her immediate coterie of adherents, is openly recognised in the cycling world as lady cycling champion of England. She began as a track racer in 1895, and her début was made at Hull, where she finished third in a two miles race. Since then Miss Harwood has participated in and won many races all over the United Kingdom. During 1898 she won the six days' championship contest of four hours riding per day at the London Aquarium, having ridden 429 miles during the term. Subsequently Miss Harwood was engaged at the London Pavilion in connection with the "Cycle Home Trainer" exposition, and afterwards successfully toured as star turn with Bert Howard's troupe of lady cyclists.

A DIARY OF HIS MISDEEDS WAS CHALKED ON THE DOOR.

A Wife's Method of Reforming Her Husband.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE downward path is paved with good intentions, and the easy way in which Mr. John Fordham intended to reform his bad habits led to anything but a happy domestic existence; after faithfully promising his worthy spouse to reform, the latter chalked his week's doings on the drawing-room door, and at the end of seven days led the erring man to read the diary, which ran thus: "Monday night, drunk; Tuesday (election day), whooping; Wednesday, a taste still on; Thursday, at home sobering up; Friday, penitent." But oh, what oh! off again on Saturday. John has signed the pledge, and he intends to cool off on light summer drinks in lemonade and ginger beer.

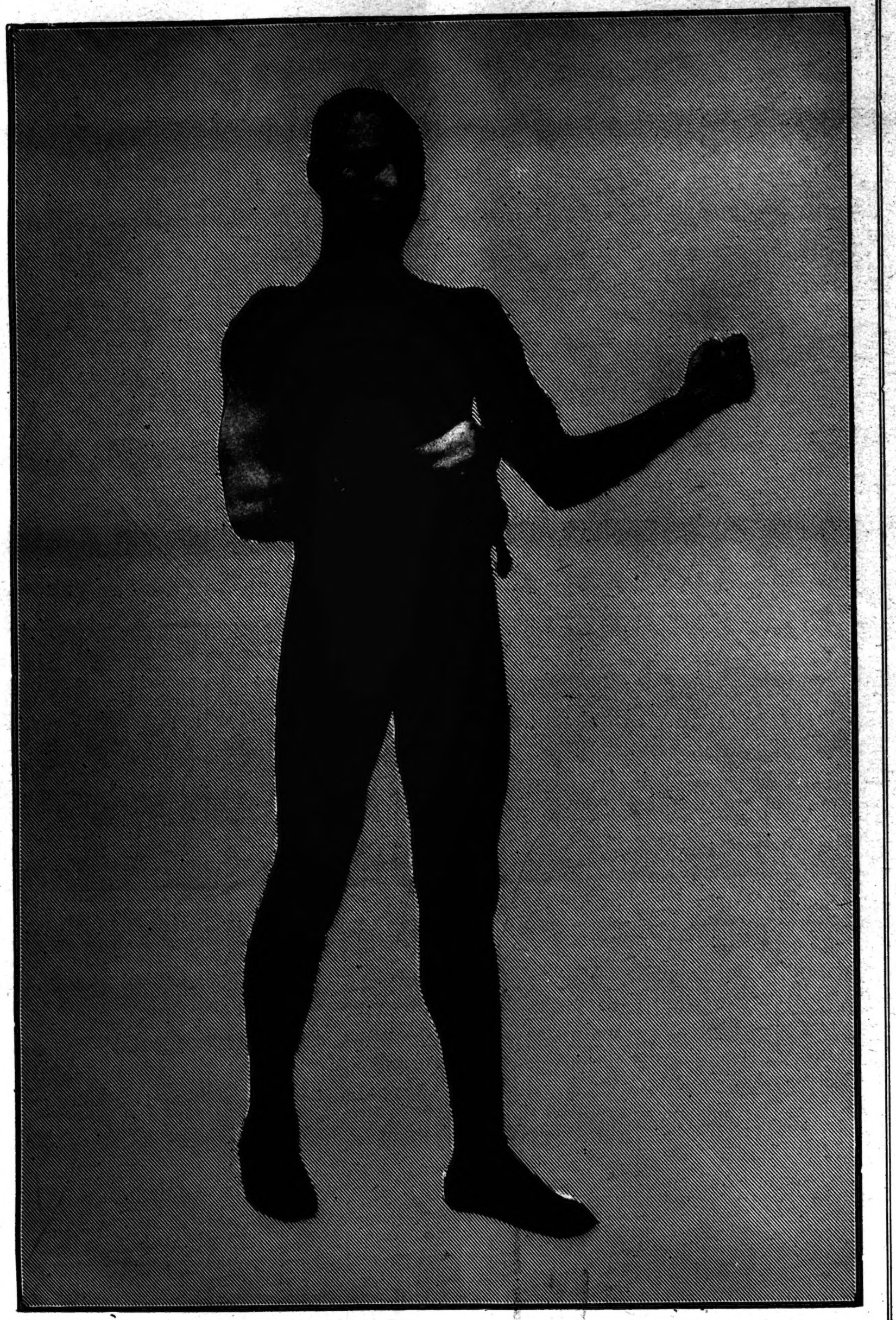
POST FREE.

MANLY VIGOR

Send for the best and most valuable work on Atrophy and Varicocele, by M.D., Ch.M., with special chapters on the explanation of Vital Secrets, and the certain Cure of Prostration, Debility, and Decay. This work is the purest guide in Essential Matters. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Spermatorrhœa, Youthful Imprudence, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Weakness, Varicocele, Dimness of Sight, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Loss of Memory, Melancholy, Noises in the Ears, Liver Complaints, Bladder and Kidney Complaints, and every form of disease peculiar to the Urinary Organs. Address:—"Surgeon," 7, Bristol Gardens, Brighton, Sussex, England. Name this paper.

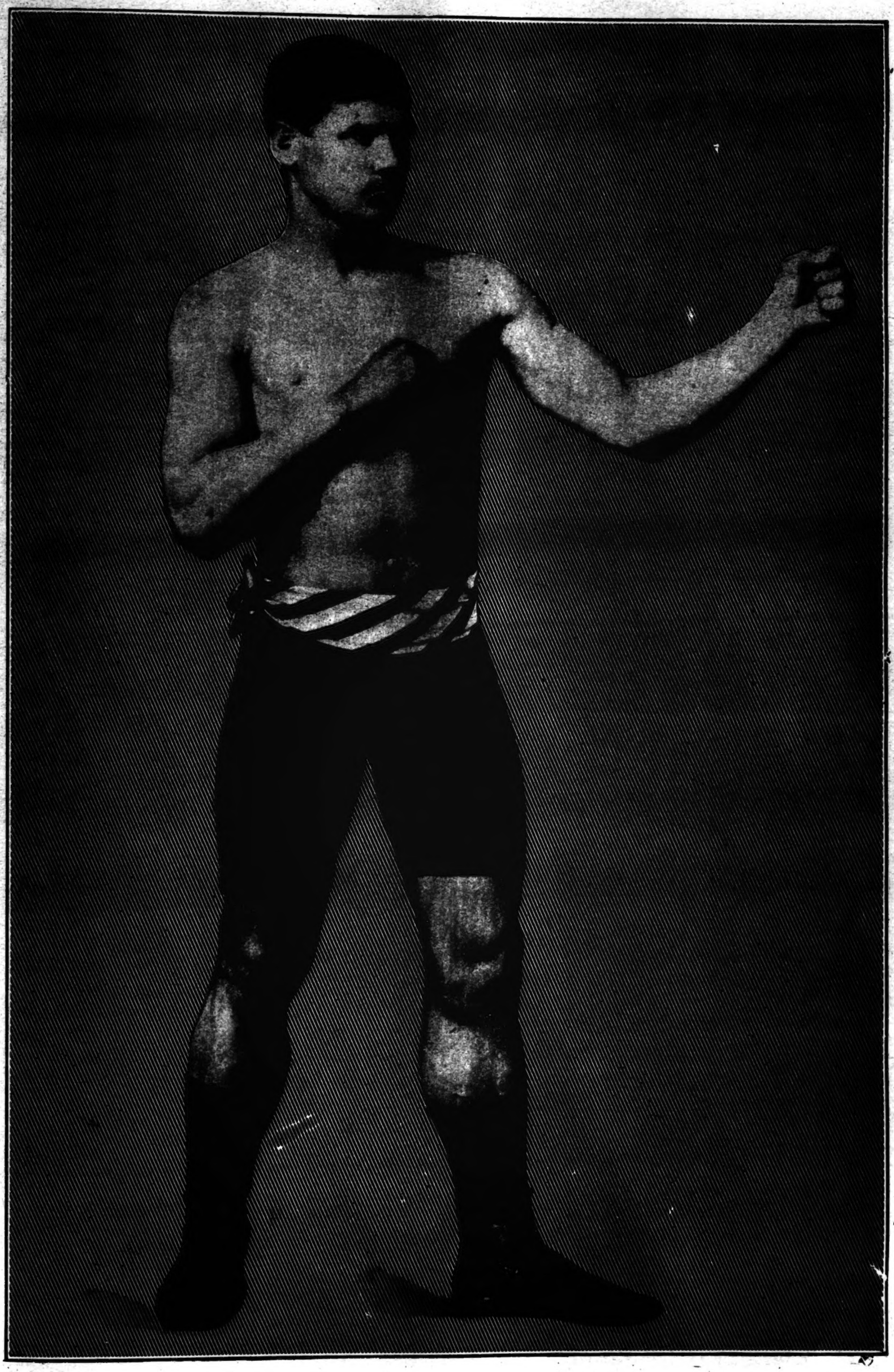
LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so:" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They married, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



BOBBY DOBBS,

Of America, who was Recently Defeated by Martin Judge at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in Fifteen Rounds.



"AUSTRALIAN" BILLY EDWARDS,

Who Recently Quit in Two Rounds at Yonkers, New York, in his Contest with Charley Johnson.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during June:—

JUNE 23.—Joe Smith's Boxing Tournament, Wonderland, Whitechapel.

JUNE 23.—At the Old Bow Running Grounds, 7st 6lb Open Air Boxing Competition.

JUNE 25.—At Jemmy Lowes', Hexham House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Billy Gordon, of America, v. J. Nelson, of Newcastle, fifteen rounds, for £25 a-side and a purse of £25.

JUNE 27.—At Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Frank Exall v. Joe Williams.

JUNE 27.—Mechanics' Theatre, Dublin, a great Boxing Tournament.

JUNE 30.—Joe Smith's Boxing Tournament, Wonderland, Whitechapel.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

GRAND BOXING AND A CROWDED HOUSE.

IT WAS HOT ENOUGH LAST Saturday to satisfy the veriest black man that ever came from Africa, and a salamander would have been in his glory had he dropped into the country containing "the nation of shopkeepers." Despite this the programme put forth by Joe Smith drew a crowded house, in fact the best house for some considerable time, bar the night of the Cooke-Ware fight. The sports that patronise boxing care little for the discomforts, providing they can witness their favourites perform. It does not matter where it takes place, in either the old style, with nature's weapons, or in the arena with what old-timers term pillow-cases, interest in the tournaments promoted in Whitechapel continues to be well sustained. It is not a very easy matter to be continually putting boxers together capable of extending each other to the utmost, but experience has qualified the Joseph of Wonderland in selecting those who are certain to satisfy the public. Usually at this time of the year boxing is having a rest, to rise like a giant refreshed directly the cold weather sets in. Essentially a winter pastime, it cannot be expected to hold its own with the summer hobbies of swimming, rowing, racing, cricket, dancing, &c., but in the East-end of London no matter the weather, hot or cold, rain, hail, snow, or blow, the public will have its boxing entertainments. Among those whom we have observed at many boxing resorts was J. G. Macartney, a patron of the sport, who never misses a boxing entertainment and runs a good second to the record boxing attendance holder, Dick Manning. In Australia he was well known as a patron of every kind of sport and boxing in particular. Since coming to the old country he has taken a fatherly interest in helping worthy exponents of any kind of honest sport, and we can only hope that others will follow his example in efforts to raise the hobby to a far higher standard. During the evening THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as referee, with Young Dave as timekeeper and Ben Harris as spokesman. Eight Rounds Contest: Bill Laws beat Harry Mack.—This was a beginning of the night's entertainment and a better one could not have been staged. Mack was quite as heavy though not so tall as his opponent, and at the start had the best of the exchanges, but at the third meeting a change came o'er the scene as Mack was sent down, but time saved him being counted out. In the next round Laws soon repeated the dose, and ended the bout. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Sweeney beat Nat Keyser.—This proved almost as good as the preceding one, but condition told its tale, and though pulling up towards the finish Keyser could not draw level, and the decision went to Sweeney. Six Rounds Contest: Bert Adams beat Alf Leeper.—Adams keeps winning since he started the game, but we may tell him that the best way of making a name is to keep on trying. The first round was very slow, but after being cautioned both went better, and Adams won. Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Philpot beat Albert White.—The latter was clearly outclassed, and after being knocked about the bout was stopped to save him punishment. "Shafe" Anderson then challenged the winner. Eight Rounds Contest: Walter Brooks beat "Nutty" Williams.—This proved a welcome contrast to the previous contest, windmill swinging being the fashion, and in the second round Brooks ended the battle. Four Rounds Display: Tom Ireland and Mike Casey.—Interesting and scientific. Ten Rounds Contest: Tom King v. Jack Lewis.—Lewis, as soon as they stood up, sent right and left on the dial. King, in no way loth, joined in, and a grand battle resulted, the black holding the lead. Each round was a repetition of the previous one, King, during the major portion, being content to let his opponent do the work, but during the final rounds he drew up, and the verdict was a draw.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—The heat in Newcastle on Saturday evening was almost of a tropical description, but it in no way interfered with the attendance of the public at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, which was patronised by a very large crowd. The programme was a most attractive one, and embraced numerous exhibitions, in addition to the finals of the 8st 10lb competition for novices, which had on the previous Saturday evening been so great an attraction. The commencement of the exhibition business consisted of three rounds between Young Coulin and T. Stevenson, and the youngsters gave every satisfaction, and it only need be said that Peter Todd, of Newcastle, and Patsy Haley, of Stockton, were the succeeding couple in the ring to prove that the spectators were highly entertained. R. Hardy, of Newcastle, and R. Todd, of Morpeth, were hard at it for a trio of rounds, as were J. Nelson, of Newcastle, and R. Wilkinson, of Jarrow, and J. Palmer, of Benwell, and W. Jackson, of Newcastle. There was no end of enthusiasm displayed when the finals for the 8st 10lb competition for novices were announced to be decided. In the first heat of the semi-finals Frank Hogg, who showed such good form last week in the preliminary round, beat J. Gunn, who proved a severe obstacle in the path of Hogg until nearing the end of the first round, when the last named got on the swinging right and knocked his opponent out. In the second heat J. Mason had a considerable advantage in weight over Dido Vardy's novice. The novice stuck it gamely, however, and at one time looked like winning, but he also, like the loser in the previous bout, received his quietus before the first round had expired. In the final Hogg and Mason fought in the most energetic of styles, first one and then the other having the best of matters. At the call of time there was nothing in it, but when they were called upon for the second round Hogg, having injured his arm, retired, leaving Mason the winner. Mr. James Lowes presented Mason with a valuable gold watch and Hogg with a handsome gold medal as prizes. Sam Francis was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper. "Spider" Carr and "Dido" Vardy were seconds throughout.

LONDON DISTRICT.—A MERRY Mill in the Old Style.—In a nice, quiet, secluded spot, not a hundred miles from Old St. Pauls, sixty persons assembled, some by train and some by road, to witness a knuckle fight between "Clanger" Martin, of Willesden, and Johnny Smith, of Kilburn. Martin being one stone and a half the heavier and longer in reach, stood well over his opponent. As soon as time was called they shook hands in the usual way. Round 1 and last. By a smart left Smith got on his rival's face, which got them both together, and in the scrimmage Martin got two home on his opponent's neck, while Smith went ding dong with both hands on Martin's body. After a break-away they both sparred for an opening. Smith was first to lead, which caused a scuffle, and Martin, being the heavier, knocked him down upon his knees, where he hit him twice while in that position, when cries of foul were heard from the greater number present, and an appeal to the referee caused him to give Smith the decision upon a foul. A well-known old time fighter seconded Martin, while Rob Brazier and Fred Davy done the needful for Smith. H. Miller held the watch, while a friend of both parties was referee.

JACK HENNESSEY, OF MILE END, is open to accept an engagement for the summer season with a boxing booth, weight 8st. Letters sent, stating terms, to Jack Hennessey, 21, Taylor's Place, Stepney, E., will receive attention.

EDDIE CONNOLLY DEFEATS MATTY MATTHEWS.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 6.—EDDIE CONnolly, of St. John, N.B., rather easily defeated Matty Matthews of this city in a fast twenty-five rounds bout at the Coney Island Sporting Club last night. As Matthews won the welter-weight championship when he knocked "Mysterious" Billy Smith out recently at the Broadway A.C., his defeat last night also lost him the title, as he was clearly outclassed in cleverness at all stages of the battle. Matthews was knocked down several times, and was also in dire distress in the eleventh round. The fight ended with a clean knockdown a moment before the gong sounded. This was the fourth meeting between the men. One fight was a draw, and the other two went to Matthews on decisions. Connolly did fine hitting with both hands, and never was in trouble. The battle was hotly contested every inch of the way and pleased the crowd, which fully agreed with the verdict of Referee Madden. Matthews was a 100 to 60 favourite over Connolly. The former was handled by Johnny Dunn, Pete Burke, and Tommy West. Connolly's seconds were Dick O'Brien, Billy Hennessy, Frank Rose, and Ailie Brown. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at 140lb weigh in at 3 o'clock, straight Queensberry rules. Jem Ferns, of Buffalo, was at the ring side and challenged the winner. Tommy White, of Chicago, who is matched to box Terry McGovern at the island next Tuesday, was also introduced. Dick O'Brien challenged Tommy West at 158lb, and the defi was accepted. Connolly looked finely drawn and less powerful than his well-muscled antagonist. Still, when they got going Connolly showed speed and extreme cleverness. He also set the pace, Matthews meeting his advances with heavy body blows. Connolly landed a swing on the jaw towards the end of the round, and Matthews went down, but the latter jumped up laughing, and sailed into a mix as the gong rang. Connolly continued his rushing in the second round. Matthews did some clever blocking and countering, but he could not keep Eddie away. Connolly rushed again, and in a mix he landed effectively on the ribs and neck. The round was in his favour. Connolly dashed in vigorously in the third, and got to the neck and body with such solid smashes that Matthews held in a long clinch. Connolly put a left to the neck at long range, and Matthews was jarred. Then followed a lot of free hand work in clinches, in which honours were even. The round was in Connolly's favour on work. Matthews opened the fourth with a rush, putting a hard left to the face. They fought in and out of a clinch, Connolly pounding the kidneys with his right. The last half of the round was an even break. Connolly, however, still held an advantage on work and blows landed. There was a fast rally of swings by both men as soon as they got together for the fifth. Neither landed with effect, but Matthews was the first to desist. Connolly followed with a hard rush, and it was give and take until Matthews cut the right eye for the first blood. Connolly was still coming, and put a right to the heart that made Matthews wince and break ground. This was Connolly's round also. Matthews, crouching low, ran into a clinch when the sixth began. Connolly met another assault with a clean left-hand counter on the nose. Matthews stood away for a moment until Connolly chased him into the ropes for a clinch. Connolly landed more quick lefts to the face, Matthews holding in another clinch. They mixed it, and Connolly got a bloody nose. It was the fastest round of the fight so far. They were punching away in a half-clinch at the beginning of the seventh. Connolly's left was sent in swiftly to the face. Matthews swung wildly and then clinched. Connolly worked his left with effect again, but Matthews nailed him on the eye and nose for more blood. Connolly continued to force the fighting in the eighth. Matthews blocked many of his blows, and put in a few telling smashes to the stomach. Then they swung openly at long range, Connolly landing the better punches. Matthews was slower than his opponent, but he had not cut loose as yet. Matthews waited patiently for Connolly to advance in the ninth round. The latter did not care to go too close, so he tried swings at arm's length. Connolly finally shot over a quick right-hander for the jaw, which was an inch too short. He rushed after that, and both reached the kidneys with heavy wallops. Matthews was at long range again in the tenth, putting in facers. Connolly forced it, and with a terrific right on the face, followed by a left on the neck, he drove Matthews before him to the ropes. Connolly rushed like a bull, and with another right on the cheekbone he had Matthews staggering. The latter rallied, and the slugging to the gong was of equal strength. Matthews bored in with a left on the nose in the eleventh. Connolly responded with a powerful right on the neck, but Matthews mixed it so earnestly that Connolly received a couple of stiff whacks on the jaw, and had to clinch. The latter rushed, and again sent the right over with power. It landed on the point of the jaw as Matthews was backing, and sent the latter flat upon his back. Matthews took a count, and when he got up Connolly tried hard to finish him, but Matthews stayed with clinches, and was rapidly recovering at the bell. Matthews was cautious as he came up for the twelfth. Connolly jumped in with left and right to the head. He repeated the trick, but this time Matthews was inside of both smashes. Matthews's legs were weak, but Connolly was a bit tired because of his previous labours. As a result the round was comparatively tame. Connolly kept on with left-hand jabs in the thirteenth. Matthews swung a couple of solid rights to the ribs, but Connolly shook him up with a right on the ear, and also brought a clinch with two more knocks on the head. Matthews carefully guarded his jaw throughout the round, and stayed away in the last minute. Connolly was still the aggressor in the fourteenth. Matthews used his feet for a moment, and then they got into a fast rally, both getting home short-armed blows of considerable strength. Connolly worked his man to a corner and tried his right for the jaw, but this time it was stopped. Matthews was at long range all the rest of the way and Connolly had the round. Matthews started the fifteenth with a series of lefts in the face. Connolly threw over a swing to the mouth, however, that had plenty of power in it. Matthews's lefts continued until Connolly's face was bloody. The latter rushed into a mix-up, Matthews being staggered with a back-handed right on the chin. The round was about even. Matthews was still jabbing in the sixteenth. Connolly relied solely upon swings for the head and kidney blows whenever they were half clinched. He soon saw another opening for a heavy right on the jaw, and Matthews was bowled against the ropes. Then Connolly let up, and there was light sparring to the bell. It was Connolly's fight so far on work and points. Matthews resumed his jabs in the seventeenth. Connolly paid little attention to them, but went after the jaw with repeated rushes and swings. A left on the mouth staggered Matthews, but he got away from a fierce rush. Connolly missed the chin by an inch. The latter's nose and mouth were bleeding copiously at the end of the round, and both eyes were swollen. Matthews's mouth and cheek bone were puffed. Connolly did more effective fighting in the clinches during the early part of the eighteenth. He also reached the neck with a staggering right, but he received hard counters in return. Connolly rushed, however, and with another right on the jaw he sent Matthews down for a full count. As Matthews got up Connolly rushed in for a knock-out, but he found that Matty was still strong and dangerous. Connolly was after his man as soon as the gong started the nineteenth. They got clinched, and a moment later Matthews was driven to the defensive with another right on the neck. Heavy in-fighting ensued, and Matthews reached the ribs with effect. Connolly rushed to the ropes, where Matty clinched hard. Matthews's mouth was bleeding as he sat down. Connolly landed a right on the neck as soon as Matthews met him for the twentieth. Matthews put in a couple of lefts to the face, but he was slow in following. Connolly's right got to the neck again, and in a half clinch he smashed the kidneys with heavy blows. Matthews was on the defensive at the bell. Matthews began to force it in the twenty-first. Connolly, however, put him on the defensive with a dangerous right that grazed the jaw. He did the bulk of the work and had the round. In the twenty-second Matthews was contented with jabs in his opponent's face, but Connolly rushed and swung with plenty of steam. Matthews slipped down and was helped to his feet by his adversary, the crowd cheering. While on the defensive in the twenty-third, Matthews kept up his left hand jabbing until Connolly rushed him to the ropes for a clinch. Connolly did all the leading after that and had the round. He looked like an almost sure winner on points. Matthews put in a few jabs to the face at the opening of the twenty-fourth, but he did not care to mix it up. Connolly showed harder hitting at every stage, especially when he got a chance to the kidneys. They began the last round with a clinch. Matthews was staggered with a left on the neck, and then ran away from the ensuing rush. Connolly was coming incessantly, and Matthews was again jarred with a swing on the head. Connolly piled on then with great swings, but Matthews clinched. Connolly went in again and knocked his man down with a left on the jaw just as the bell ended the fight. The referee gave the verdict to Connolly amidst universal enthusiasm. It was said that Matthews's rib was injured in one of the early rounds.

R. DUNN AND R. SHORT FOR £75.—R. Dunn, of the Spen, and R. Short, of Emma Vale, both of which places are near Newcastle, as is well known in the district, are matched to box twenty rounds for £25 a-side and a purse of £25 given by Mr. James Lowes. The match is due to be decided at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Monday, July 2. Both men are in training, and an exceptionally interesting contest is anticipated.

TOM SHARKEY KNOCKS OUT "YANK" KENNY.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1900.—TOM Sharkey, the sailor pugilist, made short work of "Yank" Kenny, the former sparring partner of Bob Fitzsimmons, at the Broadway A.C. last night. Kenny, who was not in the best of condition, weighed fully 215lb, and was knocked out in 2min 16sec in the first round. Sharkey was in splendid condition and hurried matters from the sound of the gong. Kenny stood up to the gaff while it lasted, and shook the sailor up with several heavy wallops, but when Sharkey got his right squarely to the jaw it was all over. The building was crowded, and the sudden ending of the battle was not generally relished. Sharkey walked up Broadway from the Battery to the clubhouse before the fight just for exercise. "I never saw Kenny," said he, "but I'll try to stop him as quick as I can." The sailor kept his word, even though he could have toyed with his man for half a dozen rounds. Besides having a big advantage in weight Kenny was a head taller, and looked strong enough to put up a fierce fight. He was not so hard in body and limb, however, and Sharkey's aggressiveness and punching proved too much for him. Sharkey was a prohibitive favourite over Kenny. The sailor was looked after by Bob Armstrong, Jack Root, and John Sullivan. When he got into the ring he walked over and shook hands with "Pony" Moore, the father-in-law of Charley Mitchell, the English pugilist. Kenny was in the ring a moment later. His seconds were Colonel Joe Murphy, Johnnie Ritchie, Clarence Ritchie, and Bill Levens. Before the fight began Gus Ruhlin was introduced and had it announced that he would like to meet Sharkey at the Seaside A.C., of Coney Island, on June 26. Sharkey immediately accepted. The men were matched to go twenty-five rounds, straight Queensberry rules, with John White as referee. When they were called to the centre of the ring for the usual hand-shake, Sharkey looked up into Kenny's face, and then eyed him critically from head to foot. Kenny appeared to be nervous as he retired to his corner for the signal to begin. The gong sounded at 9.45 o'clock, offers of 2 to 1 being made that Sharkey would win inside of fifteen rounds. Sharkey came out of his corner without delay, and feinted a couple of times with his left. Then he rushed in with all his weight, and swinging both hands heavily for the head. Kenny sidestepped, and nailed the left eye with a powerful swing. Sharkey got into a clinch, and as they broke clean the sailor aimed a blow for the jaw, which missed. Again Sharkey piled in like a tiger. Kenny mixed it, for that was his only chance. They exchanged swings on the head and Kenny drove a right-hander into the stomach. Sharkey followed so fast, however, and rained the blows upon his man so swiftly that Kenny was forced to break ground. Sharkey saw that his big opponent was bewildered and rushed once more, missing a terrific right for the jaw, but putting his left solidly into the ribs. Sharkey then stuck to his adversary and whipped a left to the neck. The blow staggered Kenny, and he threw his arms around the sailor's neck for a hard clinch. As they broke Sharkey jumped in again with more smashes, one of which, a great right-hander, reached the point of the jaw. Kenny shook all over, and then sank down in a heap. He tried vainly to get up, but after scrambling to his knees he rolled over again upon his back. Referee White counted ten seconds and awarded the fight to Sharkey. The sailor promptly ran to Kenny's assistance and tried to lift the big fellow up. Kenny was dead weight, however, and Sharkey, who had grabbed him under the arms from behind, and was tugging away like a baggage smasher trying to lift a Saratoga trunk, fell over backward with Kenny on top of him. The crowd burst into roars of laughter and so did Sharkey. Kenny was finally landed on a chair, and, of course, asked the usual question, "Where am I?" As he got out of the ring, "Yank" remarked to a friend: "I'll get just as much money as if I had trained." It was certainly easy money for Sharkey, who, after dressing, walked down Broadway to take a car for Sheepshead Bay, where he resides nowadays. He had enough money in his pockets to tackle the bookmakers at the race track again to-day—a daily occupation.

"PEDLAR" PALMER AND HARRY Ware.—The Stake Money.—Ted Ware informed our representative last Saturday at Wonderland that in regard to the placing of a detainer on the stakes in the Palmer v. Ware fight, the facts are that Palmer and Ware agreed to save a "pony," but when asked at the N.S.C. for the £25 it had not been left. He then objected to the stakes being paid till he got it. Harry thought he was perfectly in order to lodge a detainer till he received his "pony," and when that took place he (Ware) was perfectly satisfied, and hopes to fight "Pedlar" again.

A GOOD BOXER WANTED TO travel with Alf Ball's booth from 9st to 10st. Address, Alf Ball's Boxing Booth, Sittingbourne, this week only.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

EARLY LAST WEEK THERE WAS a splendid attendance at Mr. James Lowes', Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, to witness a contest between W. Gordon, of America, and J. Nelson, of Newcastle. The conditions were the best of ten rounds at catch-weights for a purse of £10, the object being to introduce the coloured boxer to lovers of the art in the district. The large saloon was crowded when "Spider" Carr and Tim Kelly opened the proceedings with a capital three rounds exhibition spar. Then Mr. Lowes, who acted as M.C., introduced the chief contestants of the evening, and in so doing mentioned that Bob Dunn and R. Shaw had come to terms to box at the Hexham House in three weeks' time at 8st for £25 a-side. The opponents in the big contest then entered the ring, when it was at once seen that Gordon held a great pull in height and reach, though Nelson looked much sturdier than the coloured man. At the outset odds of 7 to 4 were laid on the latter. S. Francis was referee and Mr. T. Lumley timekeeper, the seconds being C. Watts, "Dido" Vardy, and W. Jackson for Nelson, and J. Tate, W. Bell, and W. Hogan (America) for Gordon. When the pair stood up there was a good deal of sparring ere, to the general surprise, Nelson took a decided lead, having all the best of the first five rounds, the darkey being very slow in his work, and allowing Nelson to take a tremendous lead on points. At the sixth meeting, however, though Nelson had the best of the opening, the American warmed to his work, and with a right swing on the nose drew first blood. This only served to spur on Nelson, who, with left and right, sent his man on to the ropes. At the seventh go Gordon was short in the opening lead, but got twice on the body ere Nelson got the right on, and with another flush on the point sent his man down, it being a very near thing for Gordon, who recovered in time to be sent all over the shop ere time was called. Nelson now held such a strong lead on points that right to the middle of the tenth round he simply fought for points and led his opponent a rare dance. The darkey was hopelessly beaten for a knock-out, and in the last minute he forced the work, but though he got several heavy punches home in half-arm work he failed to get on the point, and at the close Nelson was awarded the verdict amid cheers.

BOXING NOTES FROM DUBLIN.—There will be a great boxing tournament in the Mechanics' Theatre, Dublin, on the second night of the Curragh Meeting, June 27, 1900. On that night there will be a great twenty rounds contest for the light-weight amateur championship, between Jem Fitzpatrick, amateur light-weight champion, and D. Morgan, amateur champion of Edinburgh. So it will be an international contest between Scotland and Ireland. The contest will be worth going a long way to see. From what I know of Jem Fitzpatrick it will be a good fight, and I hear a very good account of D. Morgan. Those that are in the know say that Fitzpatrick will have to fight to beat Morgan. The first time that I saw Fitzpatrick he was introduced to me by George Kenny, of the Dublin Fusiliers, now fighting at the front, the same Kenny that is referred to in Bill Heffernan's letter to you from South Africa. Then Fitzpatrick was only a novice. I enrolled his name in the books of the famous Emerald School of Arms, and from that day he took to boxing like a duck takes to water. He has been a trial horse for all the local champions about Dublin; he has fought several private fights at the Emerald School of Arms, for prizes given by well-known sporting publicans from the neighbourhood. The only thing that was against Fitzpatrick was that he could not fight in public, because he was in a situation that if he was known to box he would be instantly dismissed, but it is the old story. He could play football and get a black eye or a broken arm, and they would not say anything to him. He has boxed and helped to train such men as "Myler" Keough, middleweight champion of Ireland, and Jem Reid, 9st champion, and Jem De Wale, 8st champion, Jem Clarke, and Young Doyle and Young Reid. There will also be a great Twenty Rounds Fight between Jem De Wale, 8st champion, v. an Unknown, of Bray. Also a great Ten Rounds Challenge Fight between Burke, who recently beat Hugh Rooney, of the Liberty, and Bill Hampton. This ought to be a good fight. There will also be a Seven Rounds Contest, "Myler" Keough, Donnybrook, v. Jem Clarke. Also several minor contests. The promoters of this boxing tournament will not give a penny to any of the boxers who do not box. It will be "no fight, no pay." The promoters are trying to revive boxing in Dublin.

"JOLLY JUMBO" TAKES POSSES- sion.—Mr. W. Ecclestone, known as "Jolly Jumbo," will take possession of the Windsor Castle, Harrow Road, on Monday evening, June 25.

TIM CALLAHAN OUTPOINTS GEORGE DIXON.

(Special Report.)

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6.—TIM Callahan outpointed George Dixon in a six rounds bout at the Penn Art Club last Monday night. It was a fast "go," both boys fighting hard to secure the verdict. It was thought that they would box according to the modified Queensberry rules, breaking clean and no hitting in the breakaway, but they decided to have it out under a strict interpretation of the rules. From the start Callahan demonstrated that he was more than Dixon's equal at any style of the game. It was supposed that in the mix-up Dixon would have the better of the exchanging because of his superior hitting ability, but this turned out all wrong, for the reason that Callahan generally followed up a straight lead by rushing, and by keeping close to Dixon kept up a merry tattoo of short rights on the former champion's body. These punches worried Dixon, who evidently did not look for that kind of milling. At outfighting Callahan was the only one in it. He landed one straight left after another on Dixon's face, but the requisite steam to effect a knock-out or even a knock-down was not there. Now and then, noticeably in the fourth round, Dixon did suggest the peerless champion of old, but it was for only a brief interval. Neither boy, outside of the inevitable "blowing," was much damaged at the end of the bout.

A COVENTRY HERO.—ABOUT three years ago, in company with Joe Vickers, of Coventry, we visited the comfortable hostelry of Sergeant-Major S. Lane, whose portals were never shut to any member of the "fancy," Jem Williams, of Marylebone, being the last to partake of Mr. Lane's hospitality. Trooper Lane, of the Imperial Yeomanry, was the landlord of the Royal Hotel, Cross Cheaping, and was well known in the City of Spires, or, to give it its proper name, Coventry. He had been a good portion of his life in the Army, having retired from the Royal Artillery, after twenty-three years' service, with the rank of sergeant-major. He had been in Coventry for four or five years, a portion of which time he had been one of the most active members of the Coventry Fire Brigade. He joined the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry in 1898, and in last year's training he secured three first prizes in competitions, of which he was naturally very proud. Trooper Lane was killed in action at Kheis on May 28.

JACK GOLDSWAIN, THE WELL- known boxer, who was once thought to be the coming 9st 6lb champion of England, will be accorded a complimentary night to-morrow (Thursday) at the Star Music Hall, Abbey Street, Bermondsey. Besides the special company that are engaged, the the following have promised to spar—"Dido" Plumb and "Toff" Wall, "Pedlar" and Matt Palmer, Bill Wood and Jack Roberts, Ted Marlow and George Cunningham, Ted Ware and an unknown, the Laytons (midgets), and Ben Jordan and Goldswain wind up. As Jack is the first to do others a turn, we wish him every success and a crowded house.

D. YOUNG, OF DUBLIN, AND JACK Guyon, of Clerkenwell.—I see by last week's MIRROR OF LIFE that D. Young wants a match to fight Jack Guyon, in Liverpool. Well, he need not leave Dublin to fight, as there are lads in Dublin willing to fight for a side bet. These lads are Jem De Wale and Davy McDanugh. De Wale challenged him twice, in short, and got no answer.

TOM DAY, OF LAMBETH, WILL box Tim Field, of Lambeth, fifteen three-minute rounds for a tenner. Will meet Field at THE MIRROR OF LIFE this (Wednesday) afternoon.

C. FOWLER, OF BETHNAL GREEN, to A. Leeper, of Canning Town.—C. Fowler will be very pleased to box A. Leeper six, eight, or ten rounds if J. Smith will provide a purse. An early answer from J. Smith or A. Leeper will oblige.

JOE WILLIAMS v. JEM EXALL.—The father of Joe Williams, of Rotherham, writes from 3, Carlton Avenue, Rotherham:—"Just a line to tell you that I am training my son Joe at home for his match with Frank Exall at Newcastle on June 26. I am pleased to tell you he is in splendid condition. Leave Rotherham Monday for Newcastle." Little Joe will be attended to in the ring by his father, Joe Williams, Mike Flynn (London), and Bob Ryan (Leeds).

WE REGRET TO HEAR OF THE death of Fred Janes, the well-known heavyweight Bristol boxer. He succumbed to enteric fever at Bloemfontein on June 1, whilst serving as a reservist in the 1st Grenadier Guards. The deceased had only recently married, and leaves a young widow to mourn his loss.

ARCHIE WRIGHT, OF THE MEAT Market, wishes to remind Harry Connell, of King's Cross, that he is still open to box him. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

BOXING AT HONG KONG.

A GRAND BOXING CONTEST TOOK place on February 21, 1900, at the Theatre Royal, Hong Kong, when the principal event was a fifteen rounds contest, for the heavyweight championship of Hong Kong, between J. Reilly, of U.S. Navy, v. Corporal Ben Hugh, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, three minute rounds, one minute interval, for a side stake of 200dols each, under Queensberry rules. Reilly was a much bigger and heavier man than Hugh. Reilly managed to get a blow in on the chin in the first round, which caused Hugh to be counted out, and gave Reilly the verdict. The programme also included three exhibition contests between J. Howe v. W. Baker, both of H.M.S. Brisk, a three rounds contest between J. Howard, of Hong Kong, v. A. Bratt, H.M.S. Centurion, and a three rounds contest between J. Winklair, U.S Baltimore, v. F. Playday, U.S. Monadock. Another grand boxing contest took place at the Theatre Royal, Hong Kong, on Wednesday, March 14, when the principal event was a twelve rounds contest for the middle-weight of Hong Kong between Tom Armstrong, of H.M.S. Centurion, and A. Monk, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers; two-minute rounds, one minute interval. The men were about equal in height, and were about the same build. A good show was therefore anticipated. After getting in a couple of blows on the chin, however, Monk was unexpectedly knocked out in the first round, getting a nasty blow over the region of the heart, which floored him, and caused him to be counted out, Armstrong thus being the winner. The programme also included three exhibition contests, namely, a four rounds contest between A. Bratt, H.M.S. Centurion, and Nicholson, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers; a three rounds contest between J. Harvey and E. Wacket, both of H.M.S. Pigmy; and a three rounds contest between E. Purnell and G. Bridges, both of H.M.S. Centurion.

"PEDLAR" PALMER TELLS THE Story of His Contest With Harry Ware.—At the Gaiety bar one evening last week our representative was present with a friend when a few remarks from a table contiguous drew his attention. "Well," said one of the critics, "If 'Pedlar' makes a match with Ware again I must have a 'pony' or two on him." "Why, man alive," said Critic No. 2, "if they meet again it is any odds on Ware." "Not so," said Critic No. 1, "I saw the fight, and the winner won easily; in fact, he has never fought so well before." While these gentlemen were talking, in walked Palmer. After the usual greetings, "Pedlar" was asked all about it. "Gentlemen," said this pugilistic Simon Tappertit, "you ask me to say something about my battle with Ware. I think my fight in America has taught me something. I never missed a chance that was given me or fought better. Ware's fighting tactics have no terrors for me. I am better and stronger than ever, and intend to keep fit for Ware, as we will certainly meet again. It is true Ware forced the fighting, but I always met him with a straight left, and I thought I had won easily. I am getting a good living on the course, but I am perfectly willing to earn some money if he will box for £500 upwards. They say I cannot punch hard, but what did they say when I knocked Plimmer out twice in 14 and 17 rounds? Ted Willis, 'the terror of the boys,' in one and 4 rounds, Ernie Stanton in 14 rounds, and many others can tell if I can punch. If I can't punch I can always get out of danger, and have never had a mark in my career of fourteen years, as I started boxing as a midget. I during the last six years have only met champions, men who have splendid careers in the ring, many holding unbeaten records. How many boxers have as good a record as myself? I have beaten such champions as Plimmer, 'the Invincible,' twice, Ernie Stanton, Dave Sullivan, Johnny Murphy, Billy Rotchford, Bill Mortimer, Mike Small, &c., and what more can anyone do? McGovern shoved me out, but I was not fit, and am willing to meet him or anyone at 8st 2lb to 8st 6lb, nobody barred in any part of the world. I have given up my glass and smoking, and am entirely a different man. I am doing this to show the public my true form, and own the position I have won as bantam-weight champion of the world. Now, gentlemen, I am going to enjoy myself with my wife, and hope you are satisfied. So good night! You can back me when I fight again with Ware or anybody else, and you will draw your money." This was not all said for publication, as "Pedlar" did not see THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative. Some persons when "Pedlar" had vacated the ranche said "Pedlar" had been bluffing, and such "gas" was only public-house talk; but Palmer is old enough now to see the error of his ways.

C. FOWLER, OF LONDON, TO D. Young, of Ireland.—C. Fowler seeing that Young cannot come to terms with J. Guyons, will be very pleased to box him fifteen or twenty rounds if any boxing promoter in Liverpool will provide a purse worth boxing for. An early answer from Young will oblige.

EDDIE CONNOLLY,
Who Defeated Matty Matthews in Twenty-five Rounds at the Seaside Sporting Club, New York, June 5.

MISS MONICA HARWOOD,
Champion Lady Cyclist, and Winner of Long-distance Races.

HUSBAND AND WIFE DIE TOGETHER.
Both Found Drowned in their Death Struggle.

A POLISH WOMAN S GAME FIGHT.
She Beat Off a Gaunt Hungry Wolf.

"SOLLY" SMITH.

The Clever Feather-weight American Boxer, who Recently Knocked Out Billy Maynard in Ten Rounds.

THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE MARSH.

ONCE THE SCENE OF ROD, GUN, AND PUGILISTICA.

FUNNY THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED THERE.

A sporting record of the past,
It sentinels the plain,
And seems to say men pass away
But I alone remain.

GOLD IS OFTEN AT OUR FEET, whilst we are so short-sighted we look a long way beyond in search of the very article for which we sigh. Thus it is with the White House, Hackney Marshes, which we revisited after many roving years on a recent Bank Holiday. Outside this famous sporting hostelry runs the original channel of the River Lea, as it ran in the time of the Romans before the river was diverted from its time-honoured course about the year 1817. Even now, when the wild marsh lands of former years are pleasure grounds under the control of the County Council, this old-world portion of the River Lea is teeming with fish, and were the sewage diverted which flows into the stream from a jerry-built area beyond, this portion of the river Lea would be, even at the present day, the finest fishing water in England. The jolly angler, who is most jolly when the elements are unpropitious, clothed in oilskin cap, mackintosh, and leggings, rushes to Pulborough or fifty or sixty miles in some other direction, might, but for this river pollution, find fish to his heart's content almost within the sound of Bow Bells—and big fish too.

To imagine the sort of land we once lived in, when the White House, now almost within the four miles radius from Charing Cross, is a part of Cockayne and not remote from town, a visit to the interior of the White House will give some idea. In former times an angling club was held there, and round the walls of the White House in cases are exhibited not only evidences of the anglers' trophies but also those of the gun. Over the mantelshelf in the club-room is shown a monster specimen of the river shark—the pike. This voracious specimen, the ancient label on the case states, weighed at the time of capture 25lb. There is a barbel of monster size which the label on the case testifies (all these specimens, both of bird and fish, are labelled with the names of the sportsmen and the date of capture) was caught in the year 1817 with the fish hook exhibited in the case, which is of the smallest possible kind, and goes to show the skill in angling of this disciple of Izaak Walton, who must often have fished here when living in Fleet Street. There is a very fine perch in a case on which is inscribed, "Caught by Master Gee in 1843." Master Gee now, if alive, must be a fairly old man, and as we read the inscription we wondered whether the once youthful angler ever walked into that room, called for his glass, and looked through the glass at his youthful trophy. In another case is what at first sight looks like a winged serpent, but on a closer inspection it proves to be an eel of gigantic dimensions, with its fins extended, caught in the water outside the door of the White House.

No finer specimens of the fresh water finny tribe were ever pulled out of the river than those exhibited around the walls of this club-room, the heroes of these catches having long since departed to the adjacent old churchyard of Hackney.

Their bones are dust, their fishhooks rust,
And their souls are with the saints, I trust.

There are huge barbel, fine fellows in their day, huge perch and trout, and pike so prodigious as to be almost as fatal to the bathers in the adjacent waters as sharks. It makes one think of old and new London as specimens of the birds are noted in cases which once were indigenous to these marshes, wild fowl, quail, and even a pheasant being among the number.

As an old suburban London sporting resort the White House, Hackney Marshes, was equally famous with the Red House, Battersea, and other old-world rendezvous of sport which have long since been given over to the jerry-builder, corn growing and windmills revolving where the wretched half-brick tenements now stand.

Some of the most famous contests in the pages of "Fistiana" have taken place within a stone's throw of the White House—the last knuckle fight of any moment near these marshes took place not far from this locality at Rainham in 1873, long after the Ring had become a defunct institution—the knuckle contest between Jem Goode and Denny Harrington (still living), which the latter won. The proprietor of the White House will show the searcher after facts the house where the pigeons were kept before they were placed in the traps, and it is estimated that there is nearly a ton of lead in the shape of shot buried in this field.

In the days of old a sporting reporter made more out of his tips or what he was "put on" than by his linage or copy. (Not for worlds would we say that custom prevails in Fleet Street now.) It happened once upon a time there was a big pigeon match to be brought off at the White House between two well-known cracks, the stakes and bets being very considerable. *Bell's Life* was to appoint the referee, and Old Ned S—— was nominated. It was most essential that the referee should be interviewed. (This is putting it mildly.) Knowing Ned's address Captain Tartan (this is not his name), one of the competitors, set out to interview him, and found that gentleman busy at his toilet, touching up his grey locks with the "gyp."

"It's no use," said Ned, when he learned the business on which his visitor had called. "So and so" (mentioning the name of the Captain's opponent), "has been here and he has put me on a score."

"A score!" said the Captain, "I will put you on thirty."

The Captain never said thirty what. So when Tartan was winning handsomely Ned came up and whispered to him:

"It's all right, remember, you put me on thirty."

"Yes," returned the Captain, "Thirty bob."

To see Ned's face drop was a revelation. The old man dared not give himself away, so he took the thirty bob and did not say "Captain, I thank you." It is not so many years since Ned, full of years and *honours*, passed over the Styx, but the Captain is alive now, and often tells this and other tales regarding Ned with much credit to himself. Another famous personage who might be seen with gun in hand and jack-boots fitted for marshland was Harry Reed, a reporter at that period for the only penny sporting bi-weekly. A reporter for a sporting paper in the old days must have distinguished himself by flood or field, and Harry was a famous ped., having run a quarter of a mile in the then quickest time on record (48¼sec).

We can only say that the White House, Hackney Marshes, shorn of its former greatness, serves to show what once has been. Nothing better indicates nature and the locality of the once-upon-a-time than the stuffed denizens of air and water, with the names of the sportsmen, men to whose rod or gun they fell, which are arrayed around the club-room. While speaking of Hackney Marsh I must refer to the disgraceful state of the river Lea. By the way, "river" is somewhat of a misnomer—unfortunately at the present time "sewer" would be a far more applicable term; for, as the one time purling stream wends its sinuous way across the Marsh, it is now the conduit for indescribable liquid filthiness, the odours from which at the close of a warm day may only find a parallel in an insanitary Eastern town, and certainly baffle description. The winter floods certainly gave this section of the Lea a much-needed flushing, but the benefit was only temporary, and it is at the present moment—as it is likely to remain, until the sewage question is practically dealt with by united action on the part of the municipal and local authorities affected—a disgrace to a great city. The White House is now under the management of Mr. Harry Rumbal, recently the proprietor of another famous sporting tavern, the Bull and Bush, Hampstead, who, strange to say, as a lad, nearly forty years ago, looked after his father's cows on these very marshes, Rumbal's father being a large dairy farmer at Upper Clapton when this portion of the London suburbs was remote from "town."

CHARLES "POWDER" SIMMONDS, in answer to C. Goode, will meet him at the weight he names (8st 12lb), weigh in the day of the fight, and have the £100 a-side, and would like to meet him at the Mile End Tavern this Wednesday at eight o'clock, and draw up articles, &c.

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ADVT.

LEO STORMONT IS RECITING A new patriotic poem entitled, "Something to Remember."

TOM COSTELLO'S LATEST SONG, "Mermaids," is heartily welcomed at the Tivoli.

HAVE YOU HEARD WILL EVANS read a novelette "Oh, did he?"?

"SIBERIA," THE NEW SKETCH recently produced at the Hippodrome, has proved a stirring novelty.

ALEC HURLEY AND COMPANY ARE going strong at the Metropolitan in "The Lambeth Walk."

GUS ELEN TOPS A BIG BILL AT the Holloway Empire.

THE BEDFORD WILL BE CLOSED at the end of the present month for decorations and County Council requirements.

A POWERFUL DRAMA ENTITLED "A Life's Revenge" is being played this week at the Standard Theatre. An exciting sword duel between two women rouses the audience to a fine pitch of excitement.

ONE OF THE BEST TURNS AT THE Alhambra is contributed by the Society entertainer, Rudinoff, whose smoke pictures, shadowgraphy, and the imitation of a love scene between two nightingales are keenly relished and loudly applauded.

THE OXFORD MANAGEMENT PRE-sent an exciting turn in Sulivian and Peto Aranka, who indulge in sword, rapier, and dagger display; Dan Leno heads a merry band of comedians, and the programme numbers many ladies who sing and move their pretty feet with equal effect.

THE ROYAL ALWAYS STRIKES ME as the hall where you may catch Miss Katie Lawrence at her best; certainly she is a strong turn here this week, and the audience catch the chorus of her songs remarkably quick. Miss Peggy Pryde, Kokin, the clever Japanese juggler, G. W. Hunter, Fred Poplar, and Leo Stormont are also appearing.

THE SWEET SINGING AND ADMIR-able blending of the Gotham Comedy Quartette are a strong feature in the Canterbury programme, and the clever warblers are called again and again. Dan Leno, Chirgwin, Harry Randall, Charley Deane, Sisters Caselli, and a host of well-known people are also appearing, including Joe Elvin in his laughable sketch, "To-Night's the Night."

MR. FRED HARRIS, WHO SO ABLY controls the Queen's, Poplar, is always up to date. He has this week engaged Fred Williams and Co., who are appearing in a screamingly fonny burlesque entitled "Mrs. Rip Van Winkle." Miss Peggy Pryde tops a big variety bill embracing such favourites as the shapely Miss Lottie Walton, Miss Ethel Dove, the Kimberley Boys, Syd May, Rich and Rich, Wright and Romaine, Les Frasetties, and the Lupino Brothers in their funny speciality acts "Musician and Poodle" and "Sailor and Ape."

CHEVALIER, WHO HAS HAD A splendid season at the Queen's (Small) Hall, Langham Place, is announcing his last weeks. It is undoubtedly one of the best entertainments in London, and the favourite "Chivvy" is seen at his best, and in the pick of his songs and sketches. He is ably assisted by Signorina Carozzi on the harp; Harry Carsdale, a society mimic of no mean order; and A. H. West at the piano, who has written most of the music to Chevalier's songs. This gentleman's pianoforte playing is a thing to be remembered, and not the least enjoyable item on the programme.

A CAPITAL PROGRAMME IS ON TAP this week at Collins's. R. G. Knowles, who has more to say for himself than ever; Miss Bessie Wentworth, the best of coons; Harry Champion, a funny comedian; the Leonards (Bob and Jennie); Miss Rosa Glenn, whose clever cornet-playing is much liked; the Brothers Passmore, quaint knockabouts; Griffin and Dubois, a couple of clever drolls; Miss Amy Russell, Charles Clarke, some first-rate pictures shown through the medium of the "Imperial Bioscope," and last, but not least, a sketch entitled "Meg," by Geo. Kirk and Co., including that very clever little girl, Florrie Groves, completes a ripping bill.

DAVE.

BOBBY DOBBS.

Of America, who was Recently Defeated by Martin Judge at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in Fifteen Rounds.

(With Portrait.)

BOBBY DOBBS was born in Knoxville Tenn., December 27, 1868. Height 5ft 8¼in. Weighs between 9st 7lb and 9st 10lb. In order that the people may know who "Dobbs" is we give below his fighting record, which makes him one of the best men in the world. He has beaten the following men: Dave Campbell, 2rds; Dick Hollywood, 2rds; Jack McCann, 8rds; Will Robinson, 6rds; Black Brock, 7rds; John Wilson, 7rds; "Miner" Ferguson, 11rds; Reddy Brennan, 5rds; Wiley Evans, 2rds; Bill Corbett, 3rds; Bill Corbett (small gloves), 5rds; Aaron Sherroy (small gloves), 31rds; Unknown, 1½rd; George McKenzie, 24rds; Jack O'Mania, 1½rd; Charley Johnson, 41rds; Frank Childs, 3rds; Harris Martin ("Black Pearl"), 18rds; Frank Ramsey, 8rds; Billy Mahan, 12rds; Ed. Burke, 1½rd; Mort Freeman, 20rds; Prof. Briggs, 10rds; Dan Bolden, 20rds; Jack Casey, 20rds; Jem Burge ("The Iron Man"), 20rds; Jem Purtell, 6rds; won the middle and heavy-weight classes in tournament; Twin City Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1893; Tom Murray, 20rds; "Cyclone" Jackson, 3rds; Billy Lavigne, 5rds; Billy Vernon, 4rds; Billy Hill, 8rds; (foul) "Mary" Gallagher, 4rds; Joe Fielding, 5rds; Frank McClain, 7rds; "Black Pearl," 10rds; "Pepper" Griffin, 10rds; Hugh McWinters, 6rds; Prof. Andy Watson, 10rds; Billy Gibbons, 6rds; Joe Walcott (draw), 6rds; Sammy Campbell, 10rds; Johnny Young, 4rds; Jem Fernes, 8rds; Hugh McWinters, 20rds; Hugh McWinters, 20rds; Reddy Connelly, 6rds; Joe Gans, 20rds; Dick Case, 20rds; Dick Case, 6rds (foul); Martin Judge, 4rds; Dick Cabe, 5rds; Jack Fox, 8rds; Ed. Wall, 4rds; "Chappie" Jones, 3rds; "Kid" Robinson, 19rds; Billy Ernst, 9rds. Outside the above, Dobbs has defeated over 300 men while meeting all comers with theatrical companies. He met Dick Burge at Newcastle-on-Tyne on December 12, and defeated him in 8rds, Burge refusing to go on. He then met Pat McDonald, at Glasgow, Wednesday, February 22, and the authorities stopped the contest before the termination of the first round. Beaten by Martin Judge at Bethlehem, Pa., in 15rds.

HUSBAND AND WIFE DIE TOGETHER.

Both Found Drowned in their Death Struggle.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A DASTARDLY attempt on the part of a man to hurl his wife into the canal at Worthing ended in both being drowned. The woman frantically struggled with her would-be murderer, and olinging firmly to his hair and clothes, they both fell into deep water. At the time there was no one near enough to render assistance, and the struggling pair sank for the last time, locked in deadly embrace. When drawn from the water some two hours later they were still holding each other in death. The man was said to be a good swimmer, but the woman's hold upon him took him to his doom.

DIVIDED HER TIME BETWEEN THE TWO GENTLEMEN.

When John Was Otherwise Employed Alfred Was on Duty.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"How happy could I be with either!" was the song of the lady who had two bows (beaus) to her string. It was a case of Box and Cox. When Mr. John Readmer was not present Mr. Alfred Bryant would be in possession of the young lady's favours, but Alfred was younger, and being the more ardent lover his jealous nature was aroused, so he paid his fair charmer an unexpected visit. While the older lover was reclining in the easy chair his rival, pistol in hand, confronted him. To save complications, he willingly departed, leaving the field to his rival, the devoted but hostile Alfred.

A REJECTED LOVER SEEKS REVENGE.

Married One Week, Her Assailant Tries to Murder Her on Her Way Home.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE green-eyed monster jealousy was answerable for a tragic domestic event in Paris last week. A woman who was in business at one of the stalls of the exhibition, named Madame Lannes, was returning to her home in the Rue de Castagliona, when a well-dressed man suddenly confronted her, and before the astonished woman could help herself or raise a cry the man drew a razor swiftly across her throat, inflicting a dangerous wound. A bystander who might have rendered assistance was so horrified that he ran for help. Fortunately the lady's wounds will not prove fatal, and her assailant is in custody.

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THE AGED AND TOTTERING

will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

This remedy will drive from the system every kind of humour.
One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
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Have you pains in the back? Are you always weary and tired? Do you sometimes feel cold creeping shivers up the small of your back? It is kidney trouble. Do not delay. SULPHUR BITTERS will remove every bad feeling and make you feel well and strong. Do you raise wind? Do you feel dull and oppressed? Have you gnawing pain after eating? Are you irritable and easily angered? It is dyspepsia and indigestion. SULPHUR BITTERS is a sure and speedy cure, performing a work thoroughly. It will make you feel like a new man or woman in a week. Are you troubled with costiveness? Are you dizzy when you bend down and raise yourself again? Do you see all the colours floating before your eyes? Your liver is out of order. SULPHUR BITTERS is an immediate and certain cure. Is your nervous system broken and unstrung? Do you feel miserable all over? Do you feel it a trouble to attend to your every-day affairs? Do you find it difficult to think clearly and steadily? You are in a very dangerous state—but have courage. SULPHUR BITTERS is the very thing needed to make you well and strong. Do not think that these are idle words. Examine yourself closely. Be convinced, for your own sake. Use SULPHUR BITTERS freely. Your reward will be

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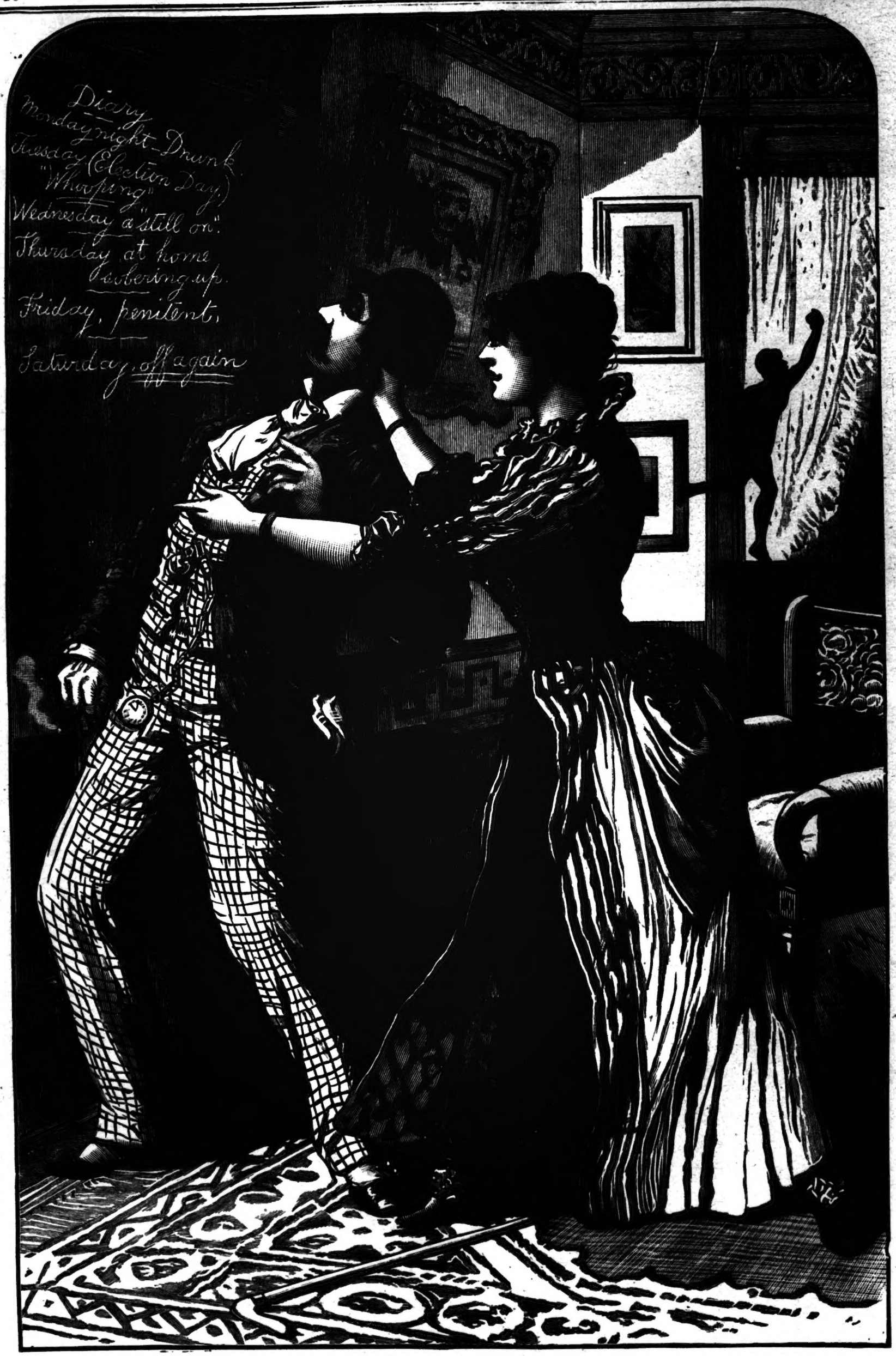

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